



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

MAYOR HOWLAND has locked horns with the newspapers, or rather with those of them that are inclined to be critical, if not hostile, towards him. The Mayor took the reporters to task for their mild ridicule of his heart-to-heart talks with the employees of the several municipal departments. His Worship threatened to call a policeman to put the reporters of the "Globe," "Star" and "Telegram" out of his office. The reporters of the other papers had obediently salaamed out backwards when ordered off the lot. Mayor Howland distrusts the press, and is figuring constantly to have it excluded from the meetings of the Board of Control. Not content with rowing with reporters, the chief magistrate of Toronto writes an official letter to a private citizen in which he goes out of his way to slangwhang "many of the newspapers." "For your information, I may say," states the epistle, "that I have found by experience the reports in many of the newspapers are utterly worthless, and on many occasions designed perversions of fact or utter inventions. I seldom waste my time reading them."

Mayor Howland is not likely to lose caste to any extent with the electorate for taking a pronounced stand upon something, even though it be such a trivial thing as the way the papers write up his "pink teas" and report his speeches. But it strikes me as being delightfully in keeping with what we know of the character and peculiar ideas of dignity of the present Mayor, that he should be quarrelling with a bunch of journalistic understrappers over alleged infringements of good taste in their references to His Immaculate Serenity. If the papers have poked fun at him, he has fully invited all they have said. It is not their reports that make him appear ridiculous, but his own poses. The man who, in his inauguration speech, when denouncing gamblers, compared himself to Cicero arraigning Catiline, and who, in addressing the City Treasurer's staff, compared everybody under him in the City Hall to soldiers of the King, can be depended on to strike attitudes that cannot fail to touch the sense of humor of anyone possessed of such a quality.

Everybody is prepared to admit that in the present chief magistrate Toronto has a figurehead who bulks up well in the public eye and satisfies our craving for the aesthetic, graceful and eminently proper. But it is "up to us" to ask ourselves how far Mayor Howland is fulfilling his own promises of a strong, radical administration, or the roseate predictions made by his sponsors last January. He has proved himself utterly ineffective in launching the airy and elaborate scheme for responsible government announced in his pre-election address, and noisily emphasized from a score of platforms. Perhaps in this matter we should not judge him too severely. For the conception was so utterly grotesque and impracticable as to be doomed to failure. But in other matters, what are Mayor Howland and the Council of 1901 accomplishing? Are the people who were stampeded last January satisfied with what they are getting?

At first glance a good deal of reasonableness characterizes the Mayor's contention that there is public business, especially legal business, which it is advisable for the Board of Control to discuss in secret. The city is often in the position of a client whose witnesses have "leaked" his whole case out to the opposing attorney before the issue comes into court. If the right of the newspapers to attend at all committees and Board of Control meetings is to continue to be respected, editors and reporters must learn to exercise greater discretion. A privilege once abused may rightly be withdrawn. It must not be forgotten that at times the newspapers have abused their privilege and sacrificed the interests of the city by their publication of discussions and suggestions that gave the whole tip away to the other side. The corporations with which Toronto has to deal arrange their every move in secret. To a great extent they require to be fought with their own weapons. The difficulty is a hard one to meet, for with the class of aldermen who frequently get to the City Hall there is no guarantee that company directors would not be kept as thoroughly posted on the city's plan of campaign, even supposing the press were excluded from meetings where legal policy is to be formulated. The suspicious dawdling of the Mayor and the Board of Control with the Gas Company deal warrants the belief that His Worship's anxiety to keep the newspapers in the dark is not wholly dictated by zeal for the success of the project. With the city's business in the hands to which the ratepayers so trustfully committed it, there may be greater safety in complete publicity than there would be in partial secrecy. With a strong, practical and reliable administration at the City Hall, it might be safe to curtail the privileges of the press and to give the Mayor and Board of Control a free hand in dealing with the Street Railway Company, the Gas Company, and the Telephone Company. Under present conditions, of the two evils there can be no choice as between Mayor Howland's star chamber methods and the utmost publicity. Mr. Howland is not the kind of Mayor to receive popular backing in attempting to kick the reporters down the City Hall steps.

THE Mowbray House Association's paper, started to aid the so-called Rational Dress Movement in England, has suspended publication. Even the bicycle could not make bloomers "catch on," and what the bicycle could not do in such a matter the preaching of a newspaper and the evangelizing efforts of a crank association were not likely to accomplish. From the standpoint of convenience and utility, bloomers are doubtless preferable to the prevailing mode of feminine attire, but no matter what their advantages, the costume stands condemned by its ugliness. That charming and entirely wholesome suggestion of concealment and mystery which accompanies the rustle of a gracefully draped skirt could never be imparted to the unlovely, outspoken lines of bloomers. Even the short bicycle skirt is hideous to the average male beholder. After all, the world goes on because women are not men and men are not women.

SYMPATHY with Mrs. Nation and her methods is voiced by the staid and moderate "Christian Guardian," the Methodist connexion organ. "The better that people understand the position of this brave woman," says the "Guardian," "the more they commend her for her determination to see a properly-enacted and beneficent law enforced." The situation in Kansas undoubtedly is complicated by the fact that the trade attacked by Mrs. Nation with the hatchet is a trade under the ban of the law. Yet it can scarcely be that because liquor-selling is illegal in Kansas, all furniture and fixtures used in the same are, as the "Guardian" contends, to be looked on as valueless and therefore at the mercy of the first person with an axe or a torch who happens along. What would become of us if the possessions of law-breakers were generally regarded as subject to destruction or confiscation by indi-

viduals? The prohibition law of Kansas should be enforced; if it cannot be enforced, it should be repealed. The question is, will Mrs. Nation's methods be most likely to lead to the enforcing of the law or to its obliteration? As the "Guardian" says, a community stultifies itself if it puts into office men who are not in sympathy with its laws. It might have added that it also stultifies itself if it puts on its statute-books laws that cannot be enforced.

SPEAKING of the liquor traffic, I observe that the "Westminster," a Presbyterian paper, has come out on all fours for Government ownership of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. Since it is impossible to imagine that any Dominion Parliament will enact national prohibition, and since Provincial prohibition has been knocked on the head by the Manitoba judgment, the restless souls who are not content with the present rate of progress towards temperance through educational and social forces, are casting about for some new plan of campaign. If they are looking for real trouble, I do not think they take a shorter cut in that direction than by raising the cry of Government ownership. To place the making and dishing out of drinks in the hands of politicians, as politicians at this stage of the world are constituted, would be the most effective method human ingenuity could devise of demoralizing public men, debauching the electorate, and stripping the trade of all the safeguards with which it is now surrounded. Let us try to imagine a general election with the dominant party in control of all the

their entertainment, it seems to me it would be well to keep in mind the "Chronicle's" advice. There will be a great danger of over-working the heir to the Throne in his long tour, which it seems is to include South Africa, in addition to Australia and Canada. Before he reaches here he will probably have been bored to the verge of nausea with banquets, addresses, inspections and formalities of one sort or another. Probably the best thing we in Canada could do if we would send him away with a pleasant memory of his visit, would be to have as little fussing and hand-shaking as possible, whilst leaving him time and opportunity to see the things he might care to see, and to do the things he might care to do. Of course we must receive Prince George in such a way as to convince him of our attachment to the Empire and the Royal Family. There must be no omission which might have the appearance of indifference or neglect. There will be no danger, however, of the festivities being underdone. The almost irresistible tendency will be to overdo them, and those who are to be in charge of the arrangements will do well to be on their guard against making a slave of our guest. "Let us give the Duke a good time and not work him to death."

THE biggest kettle of stew on the Ontario political range at present is the University question. Premier Ross's position is not one to be envied, for whichever path he may choose, he is certain to give offence to some of his supporters and, with almost equal certainty, to be attacked by the Opposition, who are evidently sitting close to trap the Government, no matter what it may do. The University question is one upon which both parties might well join hands in formulating a patriotic policy. At the very least, they should be expected to state their respective positions definitely and without equivocation. If the party leaders had the courage to take a stand of some sort on this question, so that the people would have a distinct issue before them, there is no doubt as to how popular judgment would incline. Ontario simply cannot afford to recognize the claims of any mere denominational university to share in the public funds. Much less can we afford to countenance and contribute to two state universities. Principal Grant, who has been quietly squaring himself for years for an assault on the Provincial treasury, ought cer-

of the people, the province must discharge the responsibilities already on its hands before it undertakes new ones at the bidding of any individual, clique or church. From the standpoint of the Government, it should not be hard to select the safe, and at the same time patriotic, course. I, for one, do not believe that Principal Grant, "big injun" though he be, can deliver any portion of the Presbyterian vote either to Premier Ross or Would-be-Premier Whitney. The Scotch Grit, whose political predilections as a rule are as ingrained as his faith in porridge and the Shorter Catechism, is not likely to be turned aside from his party on account of the alleged interests of a college in which he has but a sentimental concern. It is true that Eastern Ontario is full of sectional feeling in favor of Queen's. Eastern Ontario has always been almost solidly Conservative, and is likely to remain so. But I have sufficient confidence in the common sense of the people of that part to believe that an appeal to their patriotism and best judgment would not be made wholly in vain. On the other hand, there is the certainty that if Principal Grant's assumptions are recognized, the Methodist and Anglican educational interests will be up in arms against the Ross Government. Not only so, but the graduates of the Provincial University will feel that their alma mater has been betrayed. The scheme of university federation will be at an end, and a general raid by the sectarian colleges on the Education Department will be a possible and reasonable inference.

Without wishing to weary any reader with this topic (though it is by no means the least important now before the taxpayers of Ontario), I am going to quote from a letter from the Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Chancellor of McMaster University. It puts the whole thing forcefully, and from a high plane of thought: "In the present dispute McMaster University need not be mentioned, except you wish to point to it as a denominational university which will refuse on principle to seek or share in state aid, and which, during the ten years of its history, has demonstrated its ability, without state aid, to do well the work which it has undertaken. The present attitude and purpose of Queen's University require that all who are interested in higher education in Ontario shall carefully consider two questions. The first relates to a fact and the other to a policy. The question of fact is this: Has Queen's University ceased to be, both in name and fact, a denominational institution? Is Queen's now, or is it ready to become, as truly provincial in character and administration as the University of Toronto? We have had contradictory assertions in answer to these questions, but the general public have not yet seen, I believe, any citation of facts sufficiently complete and clear to enable them to form a safe judgment. . . . The question of policy is this: Are the people of Ontario under obligation to tax themselves further for the support of higher education? If so, will the ends they have in view in taxing themselves for the support of higher education be best served by giving help to one school, or to two schools? And if help shall be given to one, shall it be thought wiser, having respect to the best interests of Ontario, to give that help to the University of Toronto or to Queen's University properly nationalized?"

ANDREW CARNEGIE is offering to provide free libraries for several Canadian cities. Ottawa, which seems to be ready to accept everything going, is one of these. Twelve million dollars, if I remember, is the amount Mr. Carnegie has set himself to disburse annually in philanthropic work for the remainder of his life. Twelve million dollars is a nice little wad of money, and it may bother Mr. Carnegie a trifle to find worthy causes upon which to bestow his alms. This, no doubt, is one reason why he is reaching a helping hand to the benighted citizens of Canada. Of course we appreciate Mr. Carnegie's kind feelings, and we do not despise his coin. But there is some question, to my mind at least, as to the propriety of Canadians accepting great public gifts at the hands of foreign millionaires. I have often called attention in these columns to the danger of our cultivating a kind of mendicancy that is not in keeping with a proper spirit of self-respect in a young country like Canada. As a general proposition, we should be able to take care of our own poor and unfortunate; we should not go abroad begging for contributions to build new churches or support missionary work in the Dominion; and if we need hospitals, public libraries or anything in that line, we surely ought to provide them for ourselves or proudly do without. With regard to the particular case I am speaking of, it would be an ungracious thing to look a gift horse in the mouth; yet the doings at Homestead, where Mr. Carnegie's workmen were shot down like rabbits a few years ago, cannot be altogether forgotten. Many people entertain serious doubts as to whether any human being can acquire by methods wholly legitimate and in accord with the golden rule, the fabulous fortune of a Rockefeller, or Morgan, or Carnegie. The city of New Brunswick, N.J., I observe, has declined one of the Yankeeized Scotchman's enticing offers of a public library. The matter is one to be dealt with by each individual place to which such a proposition may be extended. I am only pointing out that apart altogether from the moral aspects of modern fortune-getting and modern millionaire philanthropy, there is a question as to the propriety of Canadians allowing other people to do for them the things they are either unable or unwilling to do for themselves.

SINCE the above was in type, Mr. Carnegie's gift of five million dollars for the benefit of superannuated and disabled employees of his old firm has been announced. This is heralded as "one of the most generous acts ever done in the world's history." So long as the people tolerate conditions which pile up billion-dollar fortunes in a few years, it will be a good thing if the plutocrats spend their money as wisely and unselfishly as Mr. Carnegie. But the latter's gift of five millions is a less-felt sacrifice than that of many a one-horse employer of labor in keeping men employed and otherwise looking after their comfort and welfare through years of anxious effort, and without hope of credit even from those so helped. Mr. Carnegie, being a multi-millionaire, has the advantage of having his charitable deeds always noted and discussed. Like Tesla, he seems to live close to the newspaper offices.

MR. BOURASSA, of LaBelle, cannot be taken very seriously by others, however seriously he may take himself. He is said to be a young man of some talents, but amongst these the talent of fitting his means to the desired end is evidently not numbered. The only purposes served by his injudicious resolution and speech in favor of the Boer republics, were to bring forth a crushing reply from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to demonstrate the unity of Canadian opinion in support of the British cause, and to still further write himself down as an ill-balanced young man who puts too large a premium on his own peculiar notions. By a milder resolution, say in favor of respecting the individuality of the Transvaal and the



TORONTO'S AESTHETIC MAYOR

As he may be expected to appear in receiving the Duke of Cornwall.

"lush" in the country as well as the patronage and money which a Government always commands. "Frozen whiskey," as distributed in constituencies up north in past campaigns, wouldn't be in it with what we should behold with free drinks at the disposal of the crowd who were in and wanted to stay in. The "barrel" would come to have a new significance in politics. Under the present system of mild supervision the liquor trade is charged with being manipulated for party ends. What would it be under the system proposed? Government ownership of the liquor traffic is a bigger chunk of choke-dog than any except habitual "chewers," as the "Westminster" has proved itself to be, would attempt to masticate.

MINISTERS of the Gospel cannot pretend to compete with the newspapers of the day," said the Rev. C. A. Eaton in a recent address. A number of the sensational preachers of Toronto would doubtless dissent from this opinion. Yet unquestionably it points to a truth the neglect of which is largely responsible for popular indifference to church-going. On the other hand, the daily newspapers are increasingly competing with the pulpit by publishing Saturday sermons and religious articles. If people will not go to church to hear the Gospel as proclaimed by the dominant type of pulpiteer, it is perhaps as well that they should get a substitute in the newspapers. Yet the theological editorial or the weekly sermon is generally as misplaced and as objectionable in the columns of a secular journal as the yellow newspaper methods which predominate in some pulpits. What could be more inconsistent, or a better mark for the scoffing of the ungodly, than the religious editorial side by side with the political editorial, filled as the latter almost invariably is with misstatement, uncharitableness, and partizan hate? Would it not be better for both press and pulpit, so far as public esteem is concerned, if each realized that its function is entirely distinct from the function of the other?

COMMENTING on the proposed visit of President McKinley to San Francisco, the "Chronicle" of that city remarks: "Let us give him a good time and not work him to death." The dates of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall's visit to Canada have been announced, and arrangements are being sketched out and perfected for

tainly to be rebuffed, for if the Presbyterians are successful there is no reason under Heaven why the Roman Catholic University of Ottawa, the embryonic Western University at London, or the Anglican, Baptist and Methodist universities in Toronto should not also become the beneficiaries of the province on the same ground that is advanced in the case of Queen's, namely, that an educational service is being performed for a portion of the people of Ontario. If Principal Grant's argument is once admitted, the Government and people of this province must find themselves face to face with the question how to maintain two state universities, or with the alternative of public grants to denominational institutions.

"Saturday Night" has always advocated, as a general principle, that those who want higher education should pay for it. State responsibility for university education should go no further than the necessary supervision in order to secure to those pursuing it, equality of opportunity and as large a return as possible for the investment made by the individual. The state should exercise sufficient control over its university to secure the highest degree of efficiency; but, in the main, those who profit by that efficiency should be made to pay for the advantages they receive. It is incumbent upon the public to provide as thorough an education as possible for every child in the common schools. Those who wish to become lawyers, doctors, ministers, pedagogues, engineers, etc., have no more claim to be trained for these professions at the public charge than a youth would have to be boarded and clothed while learning any other trade from editing a newspaper to cobbling shoes. Of course it is replied that the university where high fees are charged is a university for the rich, and that state support of higher education is conceived in the interests of the poor. This need not be discussed further than to say that the proportion of children who ever reach the High Schools, not to speak of the university, is insignificant. And, in any event, the son of poor parents who is truly desirous and worthy of receiving a professional training, has abundant opportunities in this country of earning the wherewithal to purchase the special privileges he is anxious to receive.

But this is not the question now at issue. It is whether there shall be two state-supported universities in this province, or only one. As between these alternatives there should be no difficulty in choosing. From the standpoint

Orange River Colony, to the extent of local self-governing powers under a South African confederation, he might have accomplished something in the nature of a definite recommendation to the Imperial authorities. Even that is doubtful, however, for the matter is one which the Canadian House of Commons would doubtless prefer to leave severely to the British Parliament, where it belongs. The member for Labelle must have known that his resolution had not the remotest chance of carrying, or even of receiving enough support to give it the prestige of a minority opinion. He reminds one of the deacon's cow that would try conclusions with the locomotive. Yet it is just as well that he "went up against it" and has been disposed of. It is a good thing to have free expression of all shades of opinion. Even the man who believes that the earth is flat must be permitted to state his views.

THE Rev. Mr. Davenport's sermon at St. Thomas' church in favor of the confessional as a means of grace has already received an oblique answer from Rev. Principal Sheraton, and will very likely draw the fire of other Low Church clergymen, and possibly bitter things may be said. The conflict of the Low and High Church factions is being imported into Canada from England, and the two utmost extremes are now found in this country. It is nobody's business, outside of the Anglican Church, how the doctrinal beliefs of that body may be interpreted. But the gradual rise of a strong High Church party is interesting as another example of the tendency of religious sects to subdivide rather than to unite. Church union, to borrow a term from another field, does not seem to be in "practical politics."

BENJAMIN HARRISON, ex-President of the United States, who has died at the age of sixty-eight, was a man not unlike the Hon. Geo. E. Foster in temperament. Though he had ability, he was as cold as a clam, never made friends, and was handicapped in his political career not so much by the feelings he aroused in his opponents as by his failure to inspire feelings in his supporters. He had no personal following, either before or after he became President. He was nominated as a compromise and elected because any Republican candidate could have been elected in 1888. Patronage secured him a re-nomination four years later, but was not influential enough to elect him for a second term, for his name aroused no enthusiasm throughout the Republic. He is generally credited with having been an honest and eminently safe President, and was in fact the last Republican national leader of the old school. McKinley, as an expansionist and a creature of trusts and powerful "grafters," is a new type of man at the head of the Republicans, and in reality stands for a new party and new conditions in the United States.

Social and Personal.

ON Monday afternoon Mrs. G. W. Ross gave a very happy tea, to which guests were most informally invited, in honor of that charming girl, Miss Gertrude Clergue, who was her guest for a few days. Miss Clergue came on from Ottawa and enjoyed a little visit here while waiting the leisure of her father (if Mr. Clergue ever has such a thing) to escort her on further travels. Madame Evanturel's splendid and spacious rooms were lent for the tea, which was not a large one, and only ladies attended, until those three clever personages, the Premier, the Speaker and Hon. A. S. Hardy, came in for a "dish of tea" and many welcoming smiles. Mrs. Ross presented Miss Clergue, who was very "chic," in a white gown with dainty lace applique, and a white tulle hat, with one leafy gold flower spread on the brim. She is indeed a bright and clever girl, and conversed with the Speaker in the language of her ancestors, about the various lovely things they had seen in Paris at the Exposition, or said pleasant things to the many admiring women who bid her welcome to Toronto. The daughters of the Premier, with bright Miss Kate at their head, were a very attentive little trio in the tea-room, where was spread a dainty table, decorated with beautiful pink roses. Most of the ladies had taken advantage of the order of the previous week and lightened their black gowns with white. Among those I noticed in the pleasant little party were: Mrs. Lister, in a very handsome black and grey brocade, with vest and half sleeves of white embroidered chiffon; Mrs. Melvin-Jones in black crepon, with white guimpe; Mrs. Mann and Miss Williams, Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth; Madame Evanturel, in black silk touched with white; Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings; Mrs. Leonard, in violet brocade; Mrs. Jean Blewett, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Grey, the Misses Taylor of Florsheim, Miss Michie, Miss Mortimer Clark, Miss Barwick, Miss Phemie Smith, Miss Lister.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Douglas Young gave an afternoon tea at Stanley Barracks, which was quite informal, though quite a large party responded to telephone invitations and chance encounter biddings of "come to tea on Saturday." The mess-room was arranged as a tea-room and Captain Nelles gave his snug quarters up to the ladies as a cloak-room. The band played during the afternoon in an ante-room, and the affair was a very bright and enjoyable success. Some very beautiful roses were used for decoration of the tea-table, Mrs. Young wearing an exquisite deep red rose on her black gown, as she received at the door of the sitting-room, with her sister, Miss Crawford, near at hand. The guests numbered several bright and popular visitors in town, some of whom had to say good-bye all too early, for a merry toot of the position's horn announced that the four-in-hand awaited its dainty and gallant occupants for a Saturday evening dinner many miles away. Among the guests at Mrs. Young's tea were: Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. and Miss Kate Ross, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Bath, Miss Peters and Miss Dunsmuir, Mrs. Edmund Bristol, looking very smart in a red gown, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. J. S. Johnston, Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Philip Strathy, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mrs. Frank Fleming, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Colin Sewell, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Bruce Morrison, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Elmsley, the Misses Elmsley, Miss Eva Delamere, the Misses Sullivan, the Misses Boulton, Miss Birdie Warren, very trim and smart in her military jacket and white African ostrich plumed hat, Miss Spragge, Miss Wornum, the Misses Langmuir, the Misses Temple, and the usual smart men, including Captain McDonnell, Mr. Jim Elmsley, Mr. Douglas Young, and others from South Africa, besides the officers now residing in Barracks.

Captain Donald McLean Howard popped in upon his people early on Thursday morning en route for the Yukon, where he succeeds Major Jarvis. He is looking and feeling exceedingly well.

The Villiers lecture on Saturday evening was, as had been expected, attended by a very large and fashionable audience. The gentlemen who were asked to sit upon the platform soon found out that they had received a left-handed honor, completely debarring them from a view of the very fine and interesting stereoscopic views of the war and its many interests. The lecturer invited them to go down and occupy the front seats on the ground floor, which they promptly did. The Bishop of Toronto, Canon Welch, the Provost of Trinity, Colonel Mason, Colonel Bruce, Colonel Young, Colonel Denison, Colonel Clarence

Denison, the Mayor, and a party of civic dignitaries, and many a smart young officer who could recognize the scenes only too well, were of the invited guests. Mr. Villiers wore his khaki, and became it well, as he did his business-like Norfolk jacket and knickers on his former lecture here, when he created quite a furore of enthusiasm on his entrance at some swell ball in the Pavilion after his lecture. I think it may have been a St. Andrew's ball. On Saturday Colonel G. T. Denison entertained him at luncheon at the National Club. He is a fine, stalwart man, strong and able, and his reliability gives him many a chance to score the reckless penny-a-liners who have been writing tommyrot about the Boers and their heroism, among other imaginary flights. Mr. Villiers had a cold, which marred the carrying power of his voice, and the stage was a regular draught-trap, owing to several doors being left wide open at the sides. Even in the galleries the breeze gambled very freely. The lecturer at last sought refuge in a huge fur-trimmed overcoat. I have before called attention to the very trying draughts at Massey Hall, but they continue to render it dangerous for anyone to sit through an entertainment in full dress and bareheaded. Saturday night's audience was a very fine and representative one, and the lecture was quite worthy of it. The views of the various battlefields, the tragedy of Magersfontein, the graves of poor General Wauchope and his Highlanders, the pretty Wynberg hospital, interesting to many here as the place where Captain Harrison died last June, and the portraits of the generals—of whom none were more smartly applauded than that good soldier, General Hutton—and lastly a very clear cinetoscope of the funeral journey of the remains of the late good Queen-Empress from Cowes to London, were most satisfactory and well shown. Mr. Villiers took most of these views himself on the march or the battlefield, and told us some surprising things about how war pictures are sometimes faked upon the public.

The Misses Taylor, of Florsheim, gave a dainty little afternoon tea for Mrs. Arthur Morrice, of St. George street, last Wednesday. Mrs. George H. Gooderham, Miss Millicamp and Miss Kate Ross were at the tea-table, which was done in yellow, with daffodils. Mrs. Morrice, the bride and guest of honor, gave a progressive at her home yesterday afternoon.

The Ladies' Board of the Western Hospital have responded to the imperative demand for "something new" which society has been driven to make, being weary of the sameness of entertaining. They have arranged a Japanese tea and musicale for the afternoons and evenings of next Tuesday and Wednesday, in St. George's Hall. This Japanese tea party goes under the weird name of "Shim-Bok-Kai," the translation of which is beyond me. But we shall find out from that sweet little Japanese lady, Ichimura San, who is to preside, Japanese fashion, at one table. As Ernest Seton-Thompson is to lecture on the afternoons of the Shim-Bok-Kai, in the Massey Hall, quite a number of his audience have arranged to go up instead of down town for their afternoon tea; a good idea, don't you think? The Western Hospital fund will no doubt be considerably helped by this pretty affair, which is under the patronage of Sir Oliver Mowat, Miss Mowat, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Flavelle, Mrs. Walter Massey, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Edward Gurney, and Mrs. J. F. W. Ross.

Mrs. Orr, who is visiting Mrs. Mann, of St. George street, has been a welcome and popular guest at the smart affairs of the week. On Friday her hostess gave a dinner party in her honor, at which were the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. V. Cawthra, Mrs. Richards, Messrs. Kelly Evans, Sydney Small and W. Turner.

Captain J. H. C. Ogilvie, adjutant R.C.R., is spending a short time in Canada, having arrived on the Germanic last week, before joining the Gordon Highlanders, in which crack regiment he has received a commission.

Miss Buck, of Jameson avenue, Parkdale, gave a very cozy and delightful tea on Wednesday, from which the awful blizzard did not keep her lady friends. However, one at least of the guests reported to have been at this tea was not likely to risk her life after her recent illness by going out in such a storm, and regretfully stayed at home.

Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. A. S. Williamson, and Miss Gwynn, went to St. Catharines this week for a short sojourn, where the invalid Mrs. A. S. Williamson will, it is hoped, receive much benefit. Judge Lister returned this week from a most enjoyable visit at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Major Hewitt, of Kingston, who has been on a short visit to Dr. Laing, returned home on Tuesday.

A vocal recital will be given by the pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy in the hall of the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening next, 18th inst. Being the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint, Mr. Tandy will sing a group of Irish songs, and Allister's song, "There's a Land."

An artistic event will be the song recital by Mr. David Ross on Thursday evening next at the College of Music. Liza Lehman's lovely song cycle, "In Memoriam," is on the programme. Mrs. L. A. Hamilton will be the accompanist on this occasion.

Mrs. Stratton will receive at the Queen's Hotel on the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday, March 19 and 20.

On Friday last Mrs. McWhinney, of Bedford road, gave a pretty tea to a number of ladies who were asked to meet Miss Carruthers, a visiting friend from Scotland, and to bid good-bye to the bride-elect, Miss Bessie Thomson, whose marriage takes place very quietly next Wednesday. Mrs. McWhinney, in a most dainty and becoming pink frock, lightly touched with black, received in the drawing-room, and introduced Miss Carruthers, who wore a black gown touched with cut jet. Miss Thomson was in cream and gold bodice, with some pretty lace trimmings, and black crepon skirt. In the tea-room a quintette of sweet girls, Misses Bessie Bethune, Playfair, Douglass, Phillips and Greene, attended on the merry party, whose spirits seemed very much raised by the unexpected and beautiful fall of snow, through which they arrived laughing and protesting. One merry maid bore the very handsome baby of the house from her nursery to the dining-room, and there was a great chorus of admiration over "Queen Baby," who is without flattery a lovely youngster and very good, receiving female blandishments with great philosophy.

Among those registered recently at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lake, Dr. and Mrs. P. McPhedran, Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, Miss Maggie Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra, Mr. John D. Falconbridge, Judge Lister, Mr. and Mrs. John Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. W. McC. Warden, Mrs. K. Fraser, Miss Fraser, Mr. E. Wylly Grier, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Irving, all of Toronto; Mr. Donald McKinnon, of Grimsby; Mr. J. P. Dickson, of Ottawa; and Mrs. Young, of Hamilton.

A charming afternoon tea, with a few attractive musical numbers, was given by Mrs. Vogt, of Bloor street, on Wednesday afternoon last. The tea-table, which was beautifully decorated with tulips and violets in small wicker

baskets, was presided over by Miss Florence Davis, Miss May Hagarty, Miss Jessie Perry, Miss Winnie Thompson, and Miss Florence Woolverton. The musical numbers were contributed by Mrs. Harold Clark, Miss Mary Macdougall, Miss Dora L. McMurtry, and Miss Eugenie Queen. Some of the guests present were: Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Arthur McMaster, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Sweetnam, Mrs. D. E. Thomson, Mrs. Frank Benjamin, Mrs. J. G. Scott, Miss Elliot, Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, Miss Mac-Murphy, Miss Hagarty, Miss Dallas, Mrs. George Kerr, Mrs. Vaux, and many others.

Mrs. Reaves, of Kingston, who was last week the guest of Mrs. Mackenzie, left for home on Saturday morning. There is more than a possibility that Mrs. Reaves will reside in Toronto, and part of her time was spent in considering the attractions of several nice houses, whose owners would be only too glad to have her as a tenant.

The very unfortunate accident which happened to Mrs. Christopher Robinson last week has fortunately not been as serious as it might have been, though most painful indeed. I understand that the igniting of the alcohol in the spirit-lamp of the breakfast-urn was the cause of the mistress of Beverley House—who looked so bright and well only the other day at Mr. Wylly Grier's tea—being very badly burned on face and hands. Mrs. Robinson is, I am glad to learn, doing very well.

Mrs. Macdougall has not been so well this week, and is still in St. John's Hospital. The list of well-known men and women who are temporarily laid up is quite appalling.

Senator Melvin-Jones went to Ottawa on Sunday evening. By the way, one of the brightest of dinners for over forty young friends of Miss Melvin-Jones was given on last Friday evening, and took the form of a progressive dinner, eleven quartette tables being set. The progressive idea quite relieves the tedium of a many-coursed banquet, and the exchange of partners is sometimes quite a boon. Beside which "figurez-vous" the scope in decorative design which can be had at eleven tables instead of one huge board! Among the guests of Miss Melvin-Jones on Friday were several of the returned soldiers of the South African campaign, and a good deal of war talk flavored the conversation.

Another large dinner, which was entirely military in motif, was given by Colonel Lessard in Barracks to a bright party of smart men and women, and some charming young girls who are the particular friends of the gallant colonel, and all of whom are more than glad to bid him welcome home. In the center of the large banquet table was the presentation punch-bowl, with a profusion of red and gold blossoms, a la militaire in color, and most effective. Regimental colors in ribbon further made the table brilliant, the whole effect being most smart and appropriate. Among the guests were Colonel Young, Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Bath, Mrs. and Miss Barwick, Mrs. Eardley-Wilmott, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Daisy Boulton, Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss Gertrude Elmsley, Miss Claire Geary, Miss Louise James, Miss Violet Langmuir, Major Stimson, Captain Corey, Captain Nelles, Captain Archie McDonnell, Mr. Shanley, Mr. Elmsley, Mr. Henry Osborne, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, and Mr. Alfred Beardmore.

Toronto will welcome Madame Albani and her English concert company, who arrive next week and sing at Massey Music Hall on Friday evening. Miss Muriel Foster is a very well-known young and charming Englishwoman with a beautiful voice, who has received many hospitalities on this side of the Atlantic. She is related to Lord Hawke, the well-known cricketer, whose visits to Toronto in the past will be remembered. Mr. Douglas Powell, the baritone, is another much-liked English singer.

Mr. Eustace Smith has been appointed secretary of the Toronto Club. Miss Vivian Kirkpatrick, of Bedford Road, is in New York with her sisters, Mrs. Vincent Porter and Mrs. Farncombe.

Mrs. Bain, of Winnipeg, nee Featherstone, is visiting her parents in Peter street. Miss Clergue, of Sault Ste. Marie, was this week the guest of Mrs. G. W. Ross, in Elmsley Place. Mrs. George Dickson went to New York to spend a short time with her recently widowed sister, Mrs. F. Crowell Smith, last week.

The various summer sports are coming under consideration; on Friday of last week the lady associate members of the Rosedale Golf Club elected the following officers for the season: Mrs. Walter Beardmore, president; Miss Emily Moss, captain, and Miss E. R. Boulton, secretary. A committee was formed, comprising Mrs. Vere Brown, Mrs. F. B. Jarvis, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Miss Lucy Howard, and Miss Helen Thompson.

One well-known and admired hostess who has been in first mourning this winter has devoted much of her time usually so generously spent on friends or any good work in progress, to art, passing many delightful hours in a lady artist's studio, and perfecting herself in some clever work. Though not seen in the gay world (so called), she is not by any means forgotten, and continual enquiries are made for her.

Professor Clark will lecture in St. Stephen's school-house next Thursday evening on Tennyson's "Holy Grail," in aid of the Woman's Aid Chapter of St. Stephen's church.

The news that Colonel Buchanan is to come to Toronto as D.O.C. is good. Everyone will receive Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan and their dear little daughter, Miss "Trot," with open arms, for there was never a trio better liked in Toronto. At the same time, many regrets will follow the news which may come that Colonel Otter, our "Canadian Roberts," and his much-esteemed wife, are going away. They have so many warm friends here.

Mr. George Bruenech's exhibition at Matthews' gallery opens to-day. Some lovely pictures are to be seen.

Mrs. Thomas Davies is giving a housewarming reception at her new home, 56 Wellesley street, next Thursday afternoon, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

The final statement in regard to the affairs connected with the reception tendered by the women of Toronto to the second contingent was made before the committee at Mrs. Cockburn's residence on Wednesday, the secretary-treasurer, Miss Gertrude Elmsley, giving all the particulars. A balance of three cents in favor of the committee was shown, which was, I am told, set against the express charges, etc., of forwarding some of the shields, generously assumed by Mr. Cockburn. This very satisfactory statement ends one of the most successful affairs of the kind ever carried out in Toronto, and absolutely without friction. The ladies have set their lords a very good example. Mrs. Cockburn and Captain Cockburn leave for the South next week.

Mrs. James Bicknell, of Wellesley street, accompanied by her sister, Miss Kappel, left on Tuesday for Atlantic City and New York.

Mrs. Joseph Russell (nee Lowe) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday, March 20th, at 165 Wellesley crescent.

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Social and Personal.

The theater reaps the benefit of a dull time, and the crowds who attended the four performances of the Bostonians enjoyed them greatly. On Monday night quite a fine audience heard the ever green Robin Hood. On Tuesday the pretty opera (new here, but quite a success at its first performance), Victor Herbert's Viceroy, amused a splendid audience. The boxes were all occupied. Mr. Manning, Mr. Hume Blake and Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mr. Cronyn and Miss Patterson being in the Manning box, and in the stalls many smart men and women, among them Mrs. and Miss Melvin Jones of Llawhaden, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Mr. and Miss Laing, Mrs. and Miss Joan Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Capon, Captain and the Misses Sloane, Mr. W. Sloane.

Miss Ermatinger of St. Thomas is visiting Mrs. W. H. Eakins of Madison avenue. Mr. Percy Ermatinger has gone to South Africa, a member of Baden Powell's Police.

"Pour dire adieu" to Mrs. and Miss Vandermissen. Many callers went to their pleasant home in Surrey Place on Tuesday. Mrs. and Miss Vandermissen are leaving later on for England, and will not receive any more at their home.

Mr. Fred Burritt, son of Dr. Burritt of Ottawa, who came home from South Africa recently after a pretty lively experience of war and invalidism, has been one of those newly commissioned by Baden-Powell's Police, and will return to South Africa immediately. Mr. Burritt is a good soldier, of whom his friends are justly proud.

Mrs. Arthur Ross has been suffering from bronchitis, and was confined to bed for several days. On every hand one hears the warmest sympathy for her in the trial of seeing her husband so ill, and of also being laid up herself.

News from Mrs. and Miss Cattanauch tells of a delightful visit in Edinburgh, and a lingering exploration of all its interest and beauty. Those who know and love Auld Reekie will appreciate the pleasure our friends are enjoying. Mrs. and Miss Cattanauch are now in Paris, where they will probably remain for a couple of months.

I hear very nice things from New York about the success of Mr. Arthur Howard Blight, son of Mr. Harry Blight, who has been for some time in a fine position there. As the baritone soloist of a prominent church in Gotham Mr. Blight has come before a large number of critics, and many society people have requested him to take engagements to sing at smart affairs. This is one of the advantages to the cultured vocalist of living in a large and generous city, the private engagements for society events bringing not only notice, but a very good income as well. Miss Louise Blight is just now with her brother in New York, having as delightful a time as so very pretty a girl has a right to expect.

Miss Carmichael of Regina is visiting Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald. Mr. Henry Cawthra has returned from a pleasant stay at the Welland House, St. Catharines, having been recalled to town by the indisposition of Mr. Cawthra, who is, however, better. Mrs. Young, Mrs. Cawthra's sister, is still at the Welland, both having found their stay most beneficial.

At the annual meeting of the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club Mr. James Grace was re-elected honorary president. Mr. S. Alfred Jones president and Mr. Marsland secretary-treasurer. The committee includes Mr. John Carlon, Mr. Bowker, Mr. Morley Whitehead, Mr. Russell and Mr. Sitwell.

Mr. Burton Holland and Mr. Murray Hendrie were in a box at the Grand on Tuesday to hear the Viceroy. A very pretty party of six ladies and gentlemen were in Government House box, and supped at McConkey's after the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie are in London. Their wedding trip has been a long one—too long, say their loving friends in Toronto, but not to the happy young folks who are doing the Old World under the pleasant auspices.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Jones gave a pretty little tea at her charming home for Mrs. Farrell, one of the most delightful women who has visited Toronto for a long time. Tea was served in the picture gallery, and the guests who enjoyed it included Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. Mann, Miss Williams, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Stratford, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Miss Heaven, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Billett.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto left for a short visit to Kirkfield the latter part of last week. Mrs. Riddell is much better, after a very severe cold. Almost the family at Yeaton Hall have been laid up this week with the prevailing colds, which are very much impatience in their visits.

Miss Helen Macdonald of Simcoe street recently returned from a long visit to friends in the East. Mrs. Nelles of Brantford has been visiting Mrs. Charles Fleming in Rosedale. A soldier whom his friends are ready to welcome back to Toronto is Captain McLean Howard, about whom I have only heard that he arrived safe in Ottawa, but will doubtless see this paragraph is read in Toronto.

Miss Isalen Foster of Barrie and Mr. Eustace Bird of New York are, I hear, to be married on Easter Monday. Miss Foster is a granddaughter of Mrs. Harrison of Dovercourt road, one of Toronto's fine old ladies, and is therefore very well known in society here.

The Home for Incurable Children, in Avenue road, is entirely dependent upon the goodness of its friends, and a five dollar note now and then would be a gracious donation from someone who can spare it for the comforting of those young lives so overshadowed by

fate. There are ten children now being cared for as they never were, and never hoped to be, and the ladies could do a lot more if more money were at their disposal, which may be sent to the home, 138 Avenue road.

Mr. Gooderham of Waveney and his party of travelers are in Havana, Cuba, and will remain there until next month.

Mr. W. M. Fisher of Winnipeg, who has spent the past fortnight in town, returned home on Monday.

One of the daintiest weddings ever celebrated in the town of Berlin was that of Wednesday, March 6, when Miss Evelyn Charlotte Fennell, youngest daughter of Mr. John Fennell, became the bride of Mr. William Frederick Orr of Nashville, Tennessee. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Carl S. Smith, M.A., rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, assisted by the Rev. Joseph Fennell of Hamilton, uncle of the bride. The church was decorated with much taste, and the choir bore gratifying evidence of their careful training for the event by the organist, Mr. Alton H. Heller. The instrumental music by Mr. Heller was particularly fine, consisting of Gounod's garden scene from Faust during the ceremony, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March as the bridal party left the church. About half a hundred guests were present, which number would have been largely augmented but for the great distance at which the Southern friends and relatives reside. These, however, vied with each other in cordial messages of congratulations, more than a score of which were received. The bride, Miss Evelyn Fennell, who is known as one of the loveliest and most graceful of Berlin's many fair daughters, never looked more beautiful, and many were the admiring comments heard as she entered the church with her father, and attended by her bridesmaids, a charming coterie, consisting of Miss Bessie Fennell (maid of honor), Miss Harrie Pearce, Miss Nellie Jackson of Nashville and Miss Kathleen Jackson of Toronto, the latter two being cousins. The bride wore a simple but elegant gown of white satin, with real lace yoke and sleeves, and a veil fastened by a coronet of orange blossoms and lace butterfly. The bridesmaids were gowned in white organdie, and wore veils of tulle surmounted by lace butterfly. Each carried a handsome shower bouquet of roses, the gift of the groom, and wore also handsome gold buckles encircling the British coat-of-arms, the gift of the bride.

The groomsmen were Mr. Boyce C. Howell, a clever and popular young lawyer of Nashville. The ushers were Mr. Robert Orr, brother of the groom; Mr. George M. Jackson of Nashville, a cousin, and James Philip Fennell of Berlin, brother of the bride. After the ceremony the guests were received at Mr. Fennell's residence in North Queen street, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with amaranths, and, etc., temporarily transforming it into a lovely floral reception hall. Light refreshments were served by a staff from Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Orr left for a tour of the Eastern States and principal cities, including Buffalo, New York, Washington and Philadelphia. The bride's going-away gown was an exquisitely fashioned costume of cashmere cloth. The presents, which necessarily did not include gifts from Southern friends, made nevertheless a splendid display, among them being several substantial checks from relatives of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Orr carry with them to their far Southern home the best wishes of a host of Canadian friends, whose Northern shores may be chilly, but whose hearts are warm.

Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. MacKay, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Millar, Mayor and Mrs. G. H. Bowby, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Gower, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Breithaupt, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Landreth, Berlin; Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Fennell, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Goldie, Galt; Mrs. (Dr.) Proctor, Port Perry; Mrs. Stewart, Toronto; Mrs. Buchanan, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Roberts, Waterloo; Miss Harrie Pearce, Miss Roos, Miss Gibson, Berlin; Miss Henson, Stratford; Miss Orr and Miss Nellie Jackson, Nashville; Miss Kathleen Jackson, Toronto; Mr. D. Shannon Bowby, Mr. G. Colquhoun, Mr. A. E. Williams, Mr. Oswald Boulthée, Berlin; Mr. George M. Jackson, Jr., Mr. Robert Orr, Jr., Mr. Boyce C. Howell, Nashville; Mr. S. E. Durand, Montreal; Mr. H. A. Coulson, Mr. G. E. Morgan and Mr. J. M. Jackson, Toronto.

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Although the formal dance is still "taboo," there are many other affairs which serve to take up spare hours and bring people together during a season of Lent and mourning. Luncheons, dinners, teas, matinee and evening card parties, small informal evenings, cosy little theater and supper parties, and such pleasant things, exist and flourish though church and state say "Ruhig" together. During the past ten days there have been several jolly luncheons in honor of visitors in town. Mrs. Hardy gave a couple last week for her guest, Mrs. Wilkes of Brantford, and was, with Mrs. Wilkes, present at the second of two very smart luncheons given on Thursday and Friday of last week by Mrs. Harry Patterson for Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Farrell, who have been so well entertained by their Toronto friends for the past few weeks. Mrs. Mann gave a tea last Friday for Mrs. Orr, who is visiting her. It was a wonderful day—snow piling high over everything—but many a bright dame took no thought for the weather, but turned up smiling at the pretty home in St. George street, where a cordial welcome is always ready for guests.

The Logic of Facts.

The annual report of the Western Assurance Company, on page 12, should be read by those who think that the fire companies are not justified in raising their rates. Notwithstanding the careful management of the Western, the balance sheet only shows a net profit of \$12,824.93 on the year's operations. This is a small profit on so large a business, and is due to the heavy losses by fire, entailing the distribution of immense sums of money amongst policy-holders. No insurance company should be expected to do business at less than a living profit. If the management were at fault it would be different. But no company could feel more satisfied with its directors, managers, and assistants, and such is the expressed opinion of those who are at the head of this large company.

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L. A. STACHOWSKI, 124 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Send for circular.

A Distinguished Amateur.

The Story of a Burglarious Bet.

FOR SATURDAY NIGHT BY

KATHARINE L. JOHNSTON.



SOME people said afterwards that it was Fate. Mrs. Arlidge said so, and she ought to have known. If Fate had a hand in it, she is to be congratulated, for once.

She began her campaign—assuming it was she—at one of the law's impromptu meetings of an informal combination of smoking club and debating society, and consisting of three men who could talk unwearyingly— and hardly till three o'clock of the morning following any evening they chanced to meet.

Their discussions, conducted with varying skill and unvarying enjoyment, were usually on out-of-the-way problems of character and incident. Men of considerable ability in their daily work, they let no question concerning it enroach on their debates. "What should I do if such a thing happened in the commercial world, or the legal world?" had not sufficient speculative interest for smoking hours; these practical questions and the laws that governed them were matters of action. But "What should I do if a masked burglar with a loaded revolver in each hand came in and asked me if my great-aunt's hair was gold or black?" was a question of real interest, involving questions of truthfulness, invention, probability and judgment of character.

This question, or a somewhat similar one, was under discussion one night, and after about an hour's debating the youngest man of the party summed up his personal intention briefly:

"I should tell him to go to—." He mentioned the locality.

"That would be silly, Jimmy," remonstrated the eldest, Mrs. Arlidge's father. "You might provoke him into shooting, and then perhaps you'd go."

"Not much danger. A burglar isn't in business to lose his temper if you speak unkindly to him."

"But a burglar must have some ordinary human feelings that aren't entirely conquered by his philosophy," argued the third man.

"I wonder what a burglar feels like," mused Jimmy. "He must feel pretty small, I should think."

"It's not a large business," assented the eldest man. "But perhaps it's redeemed in his eyes by the pluck it requires."

"I suppose it requires pluck to be a sneak, if you're not born one," Jimmy said. "But I don't think it takes much other pluck."

"Perhaps they're all born sneaks," suggested the third man, "and are saved the trouble of being plucky at all."

"You young fellows shouldn't think being plucky any trouble," said their elder.

"I don't know whether it's any trouble or not," Jimmy said. "I never tried. But I believe I could slip into your house, sir, and carry off all the silver on the sideboard, without being caught, or even scared."

This particular debating club assisted its researches by practical experiment, when possible, and in such a case the man who suggested the experiment usually carried it out, as in children's play the child who proposes a game is obliged to take the isolated part. So Jimmy, though he spoke without thinking, was not surprised at the elder man's answer.

"The silver on the sideboard's all plated, I believe, and wouldn't be any use to you. But you can run along and try. We'll wait here for you; it isn't far. I don't believe you can get a dollar's worth of even quadruple plate out of the place," Jimmy stood up and buttoned his coat, laughing.

"All right," he said. "If you want your house burglarized, I'm ready. Ah! your son doesn't sleep with a revolver under his pillow, I trust?"

"No; and you couldn't wake him if he did. You can tell us how a burglar feels when you come back. It's only half-past one, and we'll wait for you."

"Au revoir, then," And Jimmy departed.

When he was safely out of hearing the householder whose goods were in danger laughed aloud.

"You see," he explained. "Jimmy doesn't know that my daughter and niece came home for a visit to-day—and he's never seen either of them. If they're only awake!"

"Why, he may frighten them awfully! He didn't know there were any girls in the house."

"They won't be afraid, with Jack there. They don't know how hard it is to wake him. I'd give those girls ten dollars apiece, if they'd only get in his way somehow, just so he'll have some human sympathy for burglars after this. But he won't be able to get in without tools. The place is locked up."

The place had been locked up, and the girls had gone upstairs two hours before the burglary was planned. But, having sat down at the head of the stairs to talk a minute, instead of going to bed, they got up when the minute had passed, and it was two o'clock in the morning, instead of nearly twelve as it had been shortly before, and went downstairs again in quest of biscuits.

"Jack must have been smoking here," Mrs. Arlidge said, as they entered the dining-room. "I'll open the window." She leaned out a moment into the sweet, cool air. "What do men ever smoke for, Gwen, I wonder?"

"I wonder!" echoed the girl. As this was beyond guessing, they turned their attention to the less depressing subject of supper.

"We'll have to go down cellar for the milk." It was a very few seconds after they had gone on this errand, taking the lamp with them, that Jimmy, in his

cautious and nerve-destroying explorations, came in sight of the dark, open window.

"Didn't I say it was easy?" he told himself, crawling carefully in and turning the light of his lantern about the room. "What did they leave a window open like that for, I wonder? There's the sideboard. I'll just annex that little jug and get out." He took three steps away from the window and halted in horror. A line of light showed under the door leading into the hall, and a girl's voice reached him.

"That lamp will explode if you tip it like that," and the irresponsible answer:

"Well, aren't you ready to die?" He was, he thought, a good deal readier than to live through the next few minutes. He flashed his light about the room again, in dizzy haste, and saw another door, nearer than the first, opening into the hall. He turned it softly, and stepped into a small closet, that had an unnecessary number of shelves, when one considered how little space they left for an unfortunate housebreaker. In a moment the girls were in the room; he could hear their voices more plainly, and then the light of gas and china. Did young ladies usually eat at two o'clock in the morning? His heart was beating violently, and his hands were cold, but he fought valiantly for a little self-command and philosophy. "It can't be very long," he assured himself; "they won't eat much at this hour; they'll be too sleepy. Why didn't that brute tell me his daughter was home?" He hadn't thought of the other; she was merely a figure to fill up the canvas of this nightmare picture. Why didn't he talk? They'd hear him breathe if this silence continued. As a matter of fact, it continued altogether about half a minute, while Gwen was pouring out the milk and Janet was getting the spoons from the sideboard.

"You said, I believe," (Mrs. Arlidge was reverting to the talk on the stairs) "you said that the soul never was cowardly; that cowardice was of the mind or the body—but never of the soul." ("Then I haven't got a soul," Jimmy thought. "There isn't a scrap of me that isn't afraid now.")

"Did I say all that?" This was a different voice, and the surprise of it sent a little shiver down Jimmy's spine.

"Maybe I meant that that was a possible theory. But it looks reasonable, now doesn't it, that soul might all be made of good material; that there isn't any bad soul-stuff, but the evil is all in the part outside of the soul?"

"No, it doesn't look a bit reasonable—unless the soul is as obsolete as the two-toed horse. I'm too much of a pessimist to believe that."

"To believe that the soul is obsolete," laughed Gwen.

"No—that evil comes from anything less—less primal than the soul itself. (Is that what girls sit up late to talk about?" wondered the silent auditor.)

"But you haven't told me the poetry that put that into your head," Janet went on. "Let's hear that."

"If I can remember it." "If they'd only go to the library to get the book," thought Jimmy, and was surprised to find he was glad they didn't. Gwen's memory was equal to a verse or two of "Abt Vogler," and as Jimmy listened he concluded that beautiful voices should always say beautiful things, with youth's headlong imperious demand for fitness. Up to this night he had always thought Prince Geraint somewhat precipitate in his conclusion on hearing Enid's voice, but was he so really?

"The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound," Janet repeated, slowly. "Well, I'm sure I hope it is. But, speaking of souls, now, did you ever meet a person who had one?"

"Why, I didn't suppose I had ever met a person who hadn't."

"Your charity will be the death of your common sense some day," commented Janet, compassionately. "Father says he knows two men who have," and Jimmy heard his own name mentioned as one of these. He turned hot.

Ladies in Mexico

Ladened by Coffee Poisoning.

Down in the City of Mexico, in the country that raises its own coffee, they have plenty of stomach trouble and nervous headaches brought on by coffee drinking.

A lady writing from there says: "I have used coffee for a long time and was inordinately fond of it. At any time I would cheerfully have given up all the balance of my meal if necessary, in order that I might have the coffee, but I acquired a wretched, muddy, blotchy complexion, had prolonged attacks of excruciating nervous headaches, was troubled with insomnia, and finally complete nervous prostration, that horror of horrors."

"I was compelled to give up coffee for you?" gasped Janet.

"I wanted him for the penitentiary," he answered, with emphasis. "However, he's clean gone now, and he didn't get anything," Jimmy knew that this end justified the erratic and irresponsible means, but nevertheless he hastened to dissociate himself in the young ladies' minds from the housebreaking profession. "Will you let me explain my own most unwarrantable presence here?" He fumbled for his card and gave it to Janet. "Your father thought I couldn't get in here and steal some of his silver and escape without being caught, and I thought I could, so I came—he's waiting over at Will's for me to come back and report now. I find he was right. But let me say in my defence that he didn't tell me you were home. It's just one of these indefensible lunacies you were telling about," he concluded. His eyes turned to Gwen, and he knew now that Prince Geraint was most deliberate and wise.

"Indeed," Janet said, offering her hand, "it was most fortunate for us

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"I am happy in meeting so good a fighting comrade," he said as he bowed, glancing at the weapon still in Gwen's hand.

"Oh, put that pistol down!" uttered Janet nervously. "You'll shoot your feet!"

"I never shot anything in my life," Gwen said, putting the revolver down gingerly. "And do you think I'd begin with my own feet?"

"Were you keeping it in case I turned out to be a burglar, too?" asked Jimmy.

"No—I knew."

"No—the bullets out of that thing, please," begged Janet. "It might go off."

"I thought they always went off when they were not loaded," Gwen said, as Jimmy complied with Janet's request. "But it certainly looks much safer empty."

"Depends on what you want it for," Jimmy said. "If I had a safe with an attractive combination lock in my house I should prefer a loaded revolver, myself. Hadn't I better call your brother before I go, Mrs. Arlidge, so that I can help him see if everything's safe?"

"Surely that pistol shot must have waked him," Janet said. She went into the hall and listened at the stairfoot. Jimmy turned to Gwen.

"Truly, Miss Martin," he said, pleadingly. "I'm nothing worse than a fool though I'll admit I look like a pretty large one to-night."

"You are better than most folk, then," she answered, lifting her laughing eyes to his with a sense of intimacy that she thought arose from the unusual circumstances of their meeting.

"Seriously, we have cause to be deeply obliged to you, and the foolishness was as much uncle's fault as a sudden recollection, her face sparkling with humorous dismay. "Oh—you must have heard us talking of you."

"Yes; I'm sorry, but I couldn't get away. And I'm going to grow up as fast as I can."

Janet came in from the hall at that moment.

"He's not stirring," she said. "Will you wait here while Gwen and I go and wake him? I'm afraid to go up stairs alone; there's a loaded pistol around every corner."

"I'm sure there is," uttered Gwen, sympathetically. They went off, after asking Jimmy to fasten the window, and he stood staring out through the glass and wondering how soon he could grow up.

His young hostesses returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the sleepiest young man that ever declined to wake for burglars.

"If you had gone to bed like sane girls," he said, reprovingly, "that poor burglar could just have got what he wanted without bothering you, and I shouldn't have had my beauty sleep knocked into a cocked hat. However, we'll see if things are all right this time, if you'll promise to stay in bed and let the next robber that comes along take what he likes."

The young men explored the house and garden, tried all the fastenings, and finally returned to the dining-room, where Gwen and Janet had gathered up the broken dishes and were awaiting their report.

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"Woman's Best Friend."

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They seem to be substantiating the claim by the Evidence of Many Trustworthy and Well Known Ladies.

Lushes's Bight, Little Bay Island, Green Bay, Nfld., March 11.—(Special)—Dodd's Kidney Pills and the wonderful healing work they are accomplishing in Newfoundland is the subject of much favorable comment among our people. Many cases are reported where they have saved the lives of men and women suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Female Troubles. The local druggists are selling a great deal of this remedy. Right here there occurred a case which is of more than ordinary interest. Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks was for years a sufferer with Kidney Disease. She is a lady well known and highly esteemed, and her story of recovery has caused general satisfaction. She writes:

"I wish to make known to all what good I have obtained through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are a very valuable remedy. I have been a sufferer for over two years with Kidney Disease. I employed a doctor, but did not succeed in getting any better. I heard of the wonderful cures Dodd's Kidney Pills were working in the Island, and bought a box of them. After using the first box I felt that I was getting better, so I bought more. Now I can truly say that I am a well woman. I think every suffering woman should know of the remedy that will cure her, and so I am giving my experience for publication."

"Mrs. Brooks' statement is only one of many equally strong cases cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills in the neighborhood."

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Cocoa Essence
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Packed in 1 lb. tins.

WATSON'S
Chocolate Cream Bars
In 2 oz. cakes.

WATSON'S
Mexican Sweet Chocolate
In 2 oz. cakes.

WATSON'S
Bicycle Sweet Chocolate
In 2 oz. cakes.

These goods are absolutely pure, are entirely free from any starchy substance whatever, and are made from the best grade of Cocoa Beans obtainable.

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Y. M. C. A. Building, Cor. Yonge & McGill Sts., Toronto. David Hoskins, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

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Madame La Belle is enlarging her apartments, and having to give up some of her rooms for building purposes, and with such a large stock on hand, will give from now until April 1st her Scalp Treatment free with every bottle of Scalp Cure, and with every order of \$3.00 purchaser will be entitled to a Sterilizer (costing \$3.00 if purchased). Madame La Belle is doing this to show her gratitude to the public for the large amount of business she has received.

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Curious Bits of News.

The "World's Work" for February announces with a shout of satisfaction that the "banks and trust companies in New York alone paid out on January 2 the enormous sum of \$140,000,000" in dividends alone, and gives as "a striking measure of the rate of enrichment" in America that by a "conservative estimate there are more than 4,000 millionaires among us."

Kansas has not only provided the newspapers with their most interesting subject of discussion, the hatchet brigade; it has supplied a new word to the English language. This word is "buffaloed." It has a delicate shade of meaning. A man who is scared is merely awakened into the activities of defence; a man who is buffaloed is one who is so badly scared that he believes defence impossible, but a man who is buffaloed not only believes defence is impossible, but can't work up enough locomotion to run.

An article of food which is relished by the natives of the Philippine Islands is procured by collecting large quantities of moths from the rocks of the mountainous regions. "In several spots in the mountains in Panay and other islands of the group," says a writer in the "Scientific American," "I saw moths existing so thickly in the rocky tissues that they could be scraped off into buckets by the quart. The moths seemed to mass in the crevices and hang there. The natives have not failed to investigate the worth of the moth as an article of food, and they use the insects in large quantities."

Exceeding great joy ought to prevail among archaeologists, says the London "Daily Telegraph." They are likely to flock in numbers to High street, Aldgate, probably to the great surprise of the majority of the inhabitants of the neighborhood, who, as a rule, do not trouble about possible antiquarian relics lying underground. In the course of operations connected with the laying of the telephone tube through the city a seam of stonework, between 30 and 40 feet in length, has been discovered running to a depth of about eight feet. There is no doubt about this being a section of the old London wall, which extended in a northerly direction along a street which still bears its name.

A curious custom, known as "Forty Shilling Day," prevails in Wotton, Surrey, England, and was observed a day or two ago. A former resident, William Glanville, left under his will 40 shillings, the condition being that on the anniversary of his funeral the village boys should attend in the churchyard and, with one hand on his tomb, recite by heart the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed, read the fifty-eight verses in I. Corinthians xv., and afterward write two verses from the chapter by dictation. Seven lads were successful in winning the forty shillings, and they performed their task creditably, though nervousness was responsible for one or two mistakes.

Applause in the Canadian House of Commons or in the United States Congress may take almost any form, but the London "Daily Chronicle" informs us that applause in the British House of Commons is strictly governed by precedent and practice. "Hear" is the only token of approval permitted, and that repeated over and over again by a couple of hundred members produces the phenomenon known as "loud and prolonged cheers." In a new parliament it generally happens that inexperienced members forget themselves and clap their hands. This has happened twice already since the House met. On the first occasion the Speaker called attention to the matter, but on Monday night when a Tory member paid Winston Churchill this absent-minded compliment it escaped his attention. Sometimes strangers offend in this matter—to them, of course, all applause is forbidden—and are promptly shown the door. The only occasion one remembers when a stranger who clapped his hands was not removed was when Mr. Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule bill. At the end of the great speech a young man sitting in the front of the gallery vigorously applauded, and the doorkeeper pretended not to hear. It was the late Duke of Clarence.

Monsieur Delauney of the French Academy of Sciences has just announced the result of a curious investigation concerning the "preferred numbers" of the inhabitants of different countries. The basis of the investigation is a study of the various denominations of money, postage stamps,

Fat Travelers

Live on Grape-Nuts.

When one looks at commercial travelers, round, smooth and well kept, it is hard to believe that any of them have to be particular about the selection of food, but many of them do nevertheless, and their care in this respect is one cause of their healthy appearance.

Frank W. Clarke, who travels for Arbuckle Brothers, says that he began using Grape-Nuts Food when he found it on a hotel menu, and ever since that time has eaten Grape-Nuts from one to three times a day, carrying a package in his grip, so he could have it whenever the hotels did not serve it.

He says: "About eight years ago dyspepsia got a hold of me and gradually weakened my stomach so that it would not take all kinds of food. I had to drop a number of articles, which is a hard thing for a traveling man to do. Then the question was 'what could I get to eat that would not distress me?' When I found Grape-Nuts Food it solved the problem, and since taking on this food my stomach has gradually gotten well so that I feel in fine shape." "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Grape-Nuts is predigested in its manufacture, and can be easily assimilated by the weakest kind of a stomach, while at the same time, it contains the most powerful elements of nourishment, strong in the elements of phosphate of potash, which, united with albumen, go to make the gray matter in the nerve cells and brain. People that are not properly nourished can solve the problem by using Grape-Nuts Food.

The Federal Life Assurance Company

OF CANADA.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at its head office in Hamilton on Thursday, the 7th instant. In the absence of the president, through illness, Mr. William Kerns, vice-president, was appointed chairman, and Mr. David Dexter secretary.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The directors presented their annual report, as follows: Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year which closed on the 31st December, 1900, duly vouched for by the auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of fourteen hundred and forty-two applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,094,735, of which thirteen hundred and ninety applications, for \$1,995,985, were accepted; applications for \$98,750 were rejected or held for further information.

As in previous years the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by \$211,430.12, and have now reached \$1,271,340.92, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for Policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$2,149,055.92, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,123,733.07, showing a surplus of \$1,025,312.85. Exclusive of unallocated guarantee capital the surplus to Policyholders was \$147,692.85.

Policies on sixty-five lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$164,507.08, of which \$18,500 was reinsured in other companies. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, \$23,079.28, with annuities, \$2,929.56, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$170,313.55.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, largely on mortgage securities and loans on the company's policies, amply secured by reserves. These investments have yielded results better than the average results of insurance companies doing business in Canada.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the company's service.

Having decided to increase the guarantee or subscribed capital to \$1,000,000, the amount authorized by our Act of Incorporation, your directors issued on 12th November last the balance of 3,000 shares, at a premium of 40 per cent, on the amount called. These shares were allotted to and taken by the existing shareholders. Though the call of \$13 per share was required only in bi-monthly instalments, the greater portion of it was paid before the close of the year.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to \$12,176,282.20, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus, as above shown.

JAMES H. BEATTY, President. DAVID DEXTER, Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company: Gentlemen,—We have made a careful audit of the books of your Company for the year ending 31st December, 1900, and have certified to their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts, and are found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your Company, as on 31st December, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted, J. H. S. STEPHENS, J. J. MASON, Auditors.

Hamilton, 1st March, 1901.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1900.

Premium income.....	\$ 413,794.76
Interest and rents.....	50,414.21
Capital stock.....	31,285.00
Premium on stock.....	15,600.00
	\$ 511,093.97

Paid to Policyholders for Death Claims:	
Endowments, surrender values and profits.....	\$ 170,813.58
Expenses, taxes, dividends, and reinsurance premiums.....	146,552.35
Balance.....	193,728.04
	\$ 511,093.97

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1900.

Debentures and bonds.....	\$ 117,752.50
Mortgages.....	626,464.83
Loans secured by policy reserves.....	237,314.69
Cash in bank and other assets.....	289,808.81
	\$1,271,340.92

LIABILITIES.

Reserve fund.....	\$ 1,073,902.67
Claims unadjusted.....	25,932.37
Present value of claims paid by instalments not due.....	13,889.95
Present value of dividends applied on temporary reductions of premiums.....	10,013.08
Surplus.....	147,692.85
	\$1,271,340.92

Guarantee capital.....	\$ 777,715.99
Surplus security.....	\$ 2,149,055.92
Policies were issued assuring.....	1,995,985.50
Total assurance in force.....	12,176,282.20

On motion of Mr. Kerns, seconded by Mr. T. H. Macpherson, the report was adopted.

The Medical Director, Dr. A. Woolverton, presented an interesting statistical report of the mortality of the company for the past and previous years.

The retiring Directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the Board Mr. James H. Beatty was re-elected President, Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Mr. T. H. Macpherson Vice-Presidents.

and other measures. It appears that nearly all races show a marked preference for the numbers "two," "three" and "five," and their multiples. But the Mohammedans avoid the number "three." "Neither in Turkey nor in Persia," says Monsieur Delauney, "does one find a trace of this number, and it is scarcely found in Egypt."

Among the French and other Latin peoples "two" and "five" are more popular than "three," while the English prefer "two" and "three" and the Germans "three" and "five." The Chinese resemble the Latin race in their choice, while the people of India have a strong liking for "two." The number "seven" is most used in Russia and other Slavic countries. The higher numbers are not much used except in Spanish countries, as "11" in Salvador, "17" in Mexico, "19" in Spain, and "31" in the Philippines. The people of Hawaii are said to be quite fond of "13."

Heroes of Labor and Peace.

The London "Outlook."

MURDERS, suicides, divorces, financial frauds and the thousand and one things which the daily newspaper furnishes to the debit side of human nature, can scarcely fail at times to engender in the most hopeful man a feeling of despair for humanity. Yet the noble and unselfish trait gleams forth as constantly, though perhaps with less parade and note. Consider, for example, the conduct of the men at the Beeth coal-pit in Fifeshire the other day. The overseer and pit-inspector descended the mine to examine into the cause of a noxious smell. As they did not return, a search party of seven was formed, the manager putting himself at the head. These also failed to come back,

and a second undaunted party went down. Only by desperate efforts were two of the previous adventurers rescued alive. The white damp was at its deadliest, the bodies of the other seven men were visible in the seam, yet, in face of every danger, still another party made efforts to recover their comrades, unfortunately without success. The heart of every reader must rise at the heroism of those miners; and even had they as many faults as their class is said to possess, this virtue must stand to them as the chief of all—that a man shall offer his life for his friend. On that basis all good things may be built up that poet ever dreamed or philosopher schemed. Another hero went to his death the other day at Althrey Loch, where one Puller, after rescuing several persons from drowning amid the ice, which had broken, became himself exhausted in a last effort, and went to death in view of those he had saved. How many of us seriously consider what our soldiers in South Africa are enduring all these months for a smaller money payment than many a man spends on the keep of a favorite dog? Virtue, monetarily, is still the cheapest commodity—it is still its own reward.

A Cigar Story.

"A little over four years ago," said Smithson, "I made up my mind I was smoking too much. It didn't seem to effect my health in the least, but I thought it was a foolish waste of money."

E. H. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

LUDELLA

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ey, and I decided to give it up." "A very sensible idea, indeed," remarked Brownlow.

"So I thought at the time, I figured out, as closely as I could, how much I had been spending each day for cigars and tobacco. That sum I set aside each day, and started a bank account with it. I wanted to be able to show just exactly how much I had saved by not smoking."

"And how did it work?" enquired Brownlow.

"At the end of twelve months I found I had \$75 in the bank."

"Good! Could you lend me—"

"And a few days later," interrupted Smithson, "last Thursday, in fact—the bank failed. You haven't got a cigar about you, have you?"

In the Cradle of the Platte.

A little stream in the canyon ran, In the canyon deep and long, When a stout old oak at its side began To sing to it this song:

"Oh, why do you laugh and leap and sing,
And why do you hurry by,
For you're only a noisy little thing,
And a great stout oak am I.
A hundred years I shall stand alone,
And the world will look at me,
While you will bubble and babble on,
And die at last in the sea."

"So proud and lofty?" the stream replied.
"You're a king of the forest, true,
But your roots were dead, and your leaves all dried,
Had I not watered you."

The oak-tree rustled its leaves of green To the little stream below:
"Tis only a show-bank's tears, I ween,
Could talk to a monarch so.
But where are you going so fast, so fast,
And what do you think to do?
Is there anything in the world at last
For a babbling brook like you?"

"So fast, so fast, why should I wait," The hurrying water said,
The hurrying water said,
When yonder by the canyon gate
The farmer waits for bread?
Out on the rainless desert-land
My hurrying footsteps go,
I kiss the earth, I wet the sand,
I make the harvest grow."

"And many a farmer, when the sky has turned to heated brass,
And all the plain is hot and dry,
Gives thanks to see me pass;
By many a sluice and ditch and lane,
They lead me left and right,
For it is I who turn the plain
To gardens of delight."

Then hurrying on, the dashing stream
Into a river grew,
And rock and mountain made a seam
To let its torrent through;
And where the burning desert lay
A happy river ran,
A thousand miles it coursed its way,
And blessed the homes of man.

Vain was the oak-tree's proud conceit,
Dethroned the monarch lay,
The brook that bubbled at its feet
Had washed its roots away.
Still in the canyon's heart there springs
The desert's diadem,
And shepherds bless the day that brings
The show-bank's tears to them.
—S. H. M. Myers, in "Youth's Companion."

A Sheriff's Fish Story.

Arizona "Republican."

FROM the earliest times the office of the Sheriff of Maricopa County has been the lodge room of the Amalgamated Association of Pre-validators until an honorary membership and an ability to shine in it came to be regarded as a necessary qualification for sheriff only a little less important than the ability to get enough votes at the convention and the polls. An old settler who had lived in the valley longer than anybody was telling at the Sheriff's office yesterday of the driest season the valley had ever experienced. There had been nothing like it before and nothing since. None of his hearers had ever seen any-

thing so dry. He couldn't tell them how dry it was so they would comprehend. Sheriff Stout was reminded of one very dry summer within his residence in the valley. He had just embarked in the cattle business, and had a herd of yearling calves. There was a little water on his ranch, but no feed within ten miles. Every morning he used to turn the calves out so that they could go to the nearest range where there was some grass, but no water. He accordingly hung a canteen filled with water around the neck of each calf. One day he went out to the range to see the condition of the grass, which, he thought, must be getting short. When he got there the calves were feeding quietly on the bank of a dry watercourse. All at once they were stampeded and widely scattered in every direction, bellowing with fear. The Sheriff went to see what was the cause of the commotion and found it to be a huge catfish which had climbed up the bank and got into a fight with the calves over the water in the canteens.



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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE DRAMA



THE feature of the week in dramatic matters was, of course, the short and, in many respects, disappointing engagement of the Bostonians at the Grand. Robin Hood is a capital opera, but it has been sung here a few times before, and one performance on this occasion would doubtless have satisfied the wild cravings of the public for De Koven's familiar airs and the Sheriff of Nottingham's none too fresh-laid "gags." Instead of one performance of Robin Hood, we have had two, that opera being substituted for The Serenade on Monday night owing to illness in the company. It was not as well sung as on former occasions, and it is badly in need of new scenery. The proprietors ought to give it a general dressing up. The chorus might be put in better shape. However, despite all shortcomings, Robin Hood never can lose the whole of its charm, and the large audiences that witnessed and heard it on Monday and Wednesday evenings were well pleased. On Tuesday evening The Viceroy, by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, was presented, and on Wednesday afternoon The Serenade. Of the engagement as a whole, "Cherubino" has something to say in his columns on page 10.

Interest attaches to the accompanying portrait of Miss Jobyna Howland for two reasons. First, she is the beautiful young actress whom Arthur Stringer married last fall. Mr. Stringer is well known to hundreds of Torontonians, and has had marked success in that growing group of young Canadian literary men in New York. In the second place, Miss Howland has made something of a hit



JOBYNA HOWLAND.

with Marie Dressler in Miss Print. She is likely to have a prominent position next season, for, says the "Dramatic News," overtures have been made to her by a well-known manager to place her at the head of an important production. By the way, Marie Dressler is coming to the Grand on Thursday, the 21st inst., with Miss Print, which is a musical comedy, said to be very up-to-date and diverting.

Although the show at Shea's Theater this week was by no means up to the standard, there were at least one or two numbers which in themselves were well worth the price of admission. One of these was Tom Nawn and Company in Pat and the Genie. The scene is laid in an Egyptologist's museum, showing a gruesome collection of Egyptian relics of all sorts. Pat, the gardener (Tom Nawn), a genial, big-hearted Irishman, comes in bearing an addition to the collection in the form of an antique jar, and many were the speculations between this simple son of Erin and his wife as to the contents of the vessel. His wife leaves the room, and Pat, his curiosity getting the better of him, opens it, and lo! the genie of the jar appears in the shape of an Egyptian maiden, who informs the Irishman that she has been enclosed there for three thousand years. She voluntarily enlists herself as his slave and is prepared to obey his every wish. Many humorous situations follow, throughout which Mr. Nawn shows himself to be a high-class comedian with a fund of quaint drollery. Another novel and interesting feature was Alice Shaw and her twin daughters in their whistling act. They were a trio of charmers both in appearance and in ability as whistlers, and their act was thoroughly appreciated. Fred Niblo was a monologist with a frank way of addressing the audience, and a generally pleasant and genial style. He also had a store of really laughable "gags," which for the most part were new. The Garconetti Troupe did some clever tumbling, some of their feats being of a most difficult order. Fuller, Moller and Burke had a farcical skit introducing some clever step dancing. Macart's dogs and monkeys did a variety of amusing tricks, but the little group of monkeys at the back of the stage created the most fun by their ceaseless frolic.

The Brand of Cain, a strong four-act romantic drama from the pen of Arnold Wolford, was given at the Princess this week. It abounds in affecting situations and powerful climaxes, the interest being fully sustained from start to finish. De Witt C. Jennings appeared in a dual role of



MADAME ALBANI,
The famous prima donna, who sings at Massey Hall on Friday evening next.

Madame Albani began her concert tour in Canada on Wednesday of last week. In Halifax and all along the line it has been the same story of immense houses, with people unable to secure admission, while those who were fortunate to secure seats have come away delighted with the excellence of the programme. Albani is singing in old-time form, and her voice seems to grow on one the oftener it is heard. At the concert in Halifax standing room was at a premium, while in St. John, N.B., on Wednesday the people began to gather outside the hall at 5.30 in the afternoon. In Montreal every seat in the house was sold. According to the Halifax "Chronicle," Albani's voice is as pure, as clear, as wonderful as twenty years ago, and to see

the twin brothers, and in this double capacity made the very best of a difficult part. Mark Kent as Robert Burleigh was on the whole acceptable, but Mr. Kent always appears to better advantage in the part of a rustic. Mr. Louis Bresen gave a very satisfactory delineation of Sir William Courtney, Bart. Altogether this week's attraction was a very strong one, and the house was well filled at every performance.

Lost River, a drama full of highly flavored sensations, was presented at the Toronto this week. It is a very realistic affair, and despite its literary shortcomings, found favor with the patrons of Mr. Small's well-patronized house.

Shadows of a Great City, a classic in the way of melodrama, will be the attraction for the coming week at the Princess. In reviving the play, the Valentine Company will spare no expense in order to give the proper effect to the stage settings, and the cast will be placed to the best advantage. It has been a number of years since Shadows of a Great City was seen in Toronto, and with a melodrama that has always enjoyed such marked popularity, the Valentines have reason to look forward to a big week's business.

Within the next few weeks the Valentine Company will give the first presentation on any stage of a new sensational melodrama entitled In the Devil's Web. The play is the work of Hal Reid, author of a number of well-tried successes, and those who have read it are predicting that it will score a big success. Mr. Reid will come on from New York and assist in the preliminary rehearsals, and will also play one of the important parts.

Lucille Saunders, lately a contralto with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, will be the headliner of the bill at Shea's Theater next week. Miss Saunders is said to be the best of all the singers vaudeville has taken from opera. Clayton White and Marie Stuart will be seen in a sketch that is said to be very funny. A genuine novelty will be seen when Tom Butler and Mile-a-Minute Murphy get on the stage and ride a five-mile race on home trainers. It is a most exciting act, and works the audience up to a pitch where many of them rise in their seats. The Royal Court Japanese Troupe is an acrobatic act imported for the Pan-American Exposition. Lew Sully is a great favorite in Toronto. Harry Rogers, an eccentric English comedian; the Silvers, song illustrators; the Cineograph and another big act will make a good list of attractions. LANCE.

Notes From the Capital.

Full Mourning Discarded.—A "Loan Exhibition" of Gowns.—Balls to be Held.—Numerous Teas, At Homes, Progressive Euchres and Luncheons.—The Bachelor Minister Entertains.—Strathcona's Horse Lionized.

N OBODY was sorry when the sixth of March came and the black garments of the first month of mourning could be cast aside. There was no hesitation in casting them aside, for most women were heartily weary of the sight of black, and in some cases the garments, which had seen other days of woe, would not have held together much longer. The second mourning is rather a myth. A few ladies still wear black gowns, with white ties and white trimming in their hats, but they are hardly noticeable in the groups of gayly dressed women one sees at teas, skating parties, or luncheons.

The blues and pinks and mauves have come to the front again, and after the weeks of sombre gowns these look particularly attractive. The Countess of Minto is one of those who adhere strictly to proper mourning. Her example is followed by some of the ladies whose husbands hold official positions. For the others, they consider themselves emancipated. If one can believe all one hears, Ottawa, through this mourning, has missed the gayest season it has ever had—a season of many balls—balls of unusual magnificence. Then the dresses that were all ready to wear at these balls! No; it was the Drawing-room these dresses were to have adorned. Such gowns! At least twenty women have been heard to say that the gown they had had made for the Drawing-room was the very prettiest gown they had ever had made, and of course it will be old-fashioned next season. A clever Ottawa matron who has seen many Drawing-rooms, after hearing the wail of those whose gowns could not flaunt their magnificence before the Throne, suggested that a "loan exhibition of gowns" should be held, each gown labeled with the name of the lady who was to have worn it at the Drawing-room that did not come off. Judging from what one hears, it would be an exhibition of great magnificence, much more interesting to the feminine world than a loan exhibition of pictures by painters with ugly Dutch names, such as the exhibition held in the National Gallery over the Fishery Exhibit in O'Connor street a few weeks ago. It did not

attract the public at all, but this other exhibition, or "palais de costume," would be an immense success.

After Lent there will, however, be a short season of gaiety, when some of these talked-of balls are likely to take place. Two Charity Balls are on the programme, one large dance at a private house, as well as a ball to be given by two ladies in the Racquet Court. Miss Harcourt, of Brandon, who was the guest of Mrs. Clifford Sifton, left Ottawa last week. The day before she went, Mrs. Sifton invited a number of young people to tea. Mrs. Sifton has the courage of her convictions, and not caring to have a tea go straggling on through the hour that in most Ottawa houses is devoted to dressing for dinner, she sent out her invitations "from 4 to 6." Mrs. Wilson, who was visiting Lady Laurier, is now Mrs. Sifton's guest, and she had charge of one pretty tea-table; the other was presided over by Mrs. Smart, wife of the Deputy Minister of the Interior. Three or four young ladies assisted in serving refreshments, among whom were Miss Harcourt, Miss Macdonald, daughter of the Deputy Speaker, and Miss Maclean, of Ottawa. Mrs. Sifton, in accordance with the second mourning, wore a handsome gown of grey and black brocade, and no color. Mrs. Charles Sparks, whose house is in the same neighborhood as Mrs. Sifton's, had a tea on the same afternoon, which was very convenient. Much the same people were invited to both, and consequently neither drawing-room was at any time over-crowded. At Mrs. Sparks' the tea-table was in charge of Miss Ethel Bate and Mrs. Florence Sweetland. Lady Cartwright's tea on Friday afternoon was a sessional affair, given by way of entertaining the ladies who have accompanied husbands and fathers to the Capital. Lady Laurier and most of the wives of the Cabinet Ministers were among Lady Cartwright's guests, also many members of Parliament, and some senators. It was a dull afternoon in the House, that is, comparatively speaking. It could never be wholly dull when Hon. J. Israel Tarte is speaking, even though the subject, as happened on that afternoon, is not a particularly interesting one.

On the same afternoon as Lady Cartwright's tea there was an At Home in the artistic little abode of the Victorian Order of Nurses, which is the house presented for that purpose to Lady Aberdeen by Hon. Senator Cox of Toronto. The house still stands in the name of the philanthropic Countess, but it is the home of the order she instituted in Canada as a memento of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. It is not a large house, but a most attractive one as far as the interior is concerned. The exterior is very like other houses, but when one enters the square hall, with its hard polished floor, corner fireplace, and dadoed walls, one sees at once that comfort and simplicity have been artistically combined. Tea was served at a long table in the dining-room, decorated with crimson and white carnations, and presided over by some young ladies. The ladies who form the committee in charge of the home have decided to give a tea every quarter. This was the initial tea, and honored as it was by the presence of the Countess of Minto, it was a success. One of the nurses, Miss Hall, is leaving the V.O.N.—in fact, she left on Thursday of this week. She goes to Ireland, where she is to be married to a Mr. Shillington, of Belfast. The board wished to give her a souvenir of her stay in Ottawa. A handsome silver handglass was chosen. Lady Minto presented it to Miss Hall, accompanying it with a few kind words. A number of the prominent medical men of the city were at this tea, and Mrs. George E. Foster, the president of the committee, called upon them for a few congratulatory words to Miss Hall. Judging from what was said by these doctors, one gathers that the Victorian Order has lived down the prejudices felt by the medical faculty when the order was founded. Sir James Grant, who is president of the staff of the Ottawa General Hospital, the oldest hospital in the city, was one of the gentlemen who spoke that afternoon, and he certainly was complimentary to the Victorian Order.

At the progressive euchre party given last week by Lady Laurier, the prizes were won by Mrs. Spaulding, of New York; Mrs. Turner, wife of the United States Consul; and Mrs. W. H. Davis, of Ottawa. It was a large party, composed entirely of married ladies, most of whom are supposed to love progressive euchre. There were twelve tables, and the prizes were pieces of cut glass well worth winning.

The largest luncheon given this season was the one given by Madame Brodeur in the Speaker's chambers last week. There were twenty-two guests, among them Lady Laurier, Mrs. Sifton, Lady Cartwright, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Miss Mary Scott, and the Misses Fielding; so the Cabinet was properly represented. Mme. Brodeur's table was a mass of pink roses. Certainly more than a hundred roses were plucked to do honor to that feast, and as pink centerpieces and broad bands of pink satin ribbon were arranged over the white cloth, the effect was one of rosy hue. Miss Dautre is still Mme. Brodeur's guest, and a valuable assistant in her efforts at conversation in English.

Among the dinners last week were two pleasant ones given by Mr. Sidney Fisher in the pretty house he has taken furnished from Colonel Neilson. Mrs. Roswell Fisher, his sister-in-law, was in town for the week, and taking advantage of her presence, the bachelor Minister gave two dinners, at both of which there were ladies. Early this week Mrs. Roswell Fisher returned to Montreal.

A year and a day brought the Strathconas back to Ottawa, where they were certainly the most popular "unit" of the war. The days the Strathconas spent in Ottawa last winter are by no means forgotten, and news of their brave deeds has been eagerly looked for during the months since then. Not all of those who went away have come back, many of them having stopped in England to visit their own people. Those who came back were given a cordial welcome on Sunday afternoon. About sixty of them stopped off at Ottawa, and during this week they have been the heroes. Two of the officers, Captain Courtney and Lieut. Tobin, are Ottawa men, both old R.M.C. boys. One of the privates is Mr. Vernon Ritchie, youngest son of Lady Ritchie.

AMARYLLIS.

A Horse's Love.

An incident of the love some horses cherish for their owners is illustrated in the following story, says the Baltimore "American." The horse had been entered in a steeplechase and was ridden by his owner. The flag dropped to a good start, and this horse was leading the field when, in coming up to the last fence, he slipped, unseating his rider. As the horse was in the air, his rider fell squarely beneath his falling ironshod feet, and the thousands of spectators turned away to keep from seeing the face crushed in. But by a powerful effort, so apparent to all who watched that it seemed human, the animal stretched its front legs far apart, and planting each hoof at least a foot to either side of the face of his prostrate rider, left him to rise uninjured, and to thank him—a dumb brute—for his life.

Jilted.

O small organic something, called the heart,
That tortures human minds and sours the soul!
I'll pierce thee with the cynic's poisoned dart,
And calloused, live to play a stoic's role.
Fortune has permitted me to look through an old diary
of a bachelor friend. The above lines were disclosed, and are full of human interest, if lacking in literary merit.
READER.

Zoological Talk.



Tiger (in Menagerie)—I tell you, my life is a hard one.
Lion—In what way?
Tiger—I'm starved when I'm alive and stuffed when I'm dead.

The Soul of the Violin

By M. M. M.

SCENE.—A dingy attic room lighted by a bit of candle stuck in an old bottle; a rickety chair, a table, a pile of straw that serves for a bed. A man stands by the table lifting a violin from its case, and talking to it as though it heard and understood all he said.

"It has come at last, old comrade; it has come at last—the time when you and I must say good-bye. God knows I wish I could sell myself instead of you. But I am worthless, while you—do you know, my beauty, a Shylock down the street—a man that has all else I own save you—has offered me five hundred dollars if I will give you to him? Five hundred dollars, to a man that has not a coat to his back, nor a crumb of bread to eat. Why do I hesitate? You are only a few bits of wood, and a few trumpy strings—not much for a man to starve for. I have only to run down the stairs, a few steps more, hand you over the counter, the thing is done, and I have five hundred dollars. I can leave this wretched, rat-ridden hole. I can have food to eat such as I have not tasted for a year. I can mingle again with the men I used to know; I can be one of them. Five hundred dollars! Why, that is wealth, wondrous wealth! And all for you, you thing without a stomach. You cannot know hunger, you body without a soul—stay, am I sure of that?"

The man passes his fingers over the strings and bends his head to listen. The soft vibrations follow each other like sweet half-forgotten thoughts.

"Your E-string is a little flat, but it doesn't matter."

The man rises hastily, possessed by a sudden determination, opens the case, and is about to thrust the violin inside, when he stops. A faint tremor of sound is still audible. It seems almost like a whisper of pain. The man lifts the violin in his arms and lays his cheek upon it.

"What, old comrade, does it hurt you too? Ah! I've wronged you; you have a heart, you can feel. I almost be-



"THE MAN PASSES HIS FINGERS OVER THE STRINGS."

lieve you can remember! Let me see; how long has it been? Twenty, thirty, thirty-five years! Think of that, old comrade, thirty-five years, the average lifetime of man, we have been together. And I knew you long before that. You were in a funny old shop, kept by a man who had owned you longer than I have. He would show you to the people who came, and allow them to read your inscription, 'Cremona, 1731.' But he would not sell you. It is not probable that he was ever hungry. I loved you then, you inanimate thing of wood. I loved to hold you and hear you sing. I longed for you as I had never longed for anything before. One day the old man sent for me. 'Bring me your old violin,' he said, 'and I will let you have the Cremona.' 'To keep?' I said. 'Yes, to keep,' said the old man, 'for I am sure you will keep it. I am old. Some one else will soon take possession here, and the Cremona might be sold into strange hands. I should not like that. I would sooner give it to you.'

"So I took you home with me, and sat up half the night drawing the bow softly over your strings. I was the happiest boy in the world. I laid you where, if I waked in the night, I could reach out and touch you. I would not have taken a kingdom in exchange for you then. Ah! but then I was not hungry. What animals we are, after all!"

The man still held the violin against his cheek, passing his hands gently along the strings, and talking on in a dreamy way, as if he scarcely knew that he spoke at all. "Thirty-five years, and we have seen the world together. We have tasted its sweets and its bitterness. Kings and beggars have listened to you, and both have loved you. Do you remember the night in Berlin, when we played The Dream, and the beautiful woman in the box at the right threw a great red rose? It caught upon one of your strings, caught and hung by a thorn, and when I tried to release it the blood-red petals fell at my feet. Then we played The Last Rose of Summer. I am sure you had a heart that night! I could feel it vibrate with the quivering of your strings. There were tears in many eyes when we finished, and she—I think the music had taken possession of her, for she rose, crying out, 'No, no, it is not the last, the world is full of roses, see!' and she threw a great armful of red and white blossoms."

"I wonder if she loved me best, or you? It was in the time of roses, when she, the rose of all the world, lay dead. You must remember that, old comrade: when it was dark, when all the rest had gone and left her, we went to say good-bye. The world was full of roses then, and I heaped them over her. Then you sang. Oh, how you sang! I have always believed that her soul was borne away on the wings of your songs, carrying the perfume of the roses with it."

"The next time we played some one threw a rose, and I set my heel on it. What right had roses to bloom when she was dead?"

"We have done badly since then, you and I. Some way, things ceased to seem worth striving for, and you have been dearer, because you were the only one who knew and understood. And yet I said you had no soul. Forgive me, old comrade. A man is not to be blamed for what he says when he is hungry. . . . Ah, what a fool I am, mauling away to an old fiddle, when I might be filling my empty stomach!"

The man sprang up, thrust the violin rudely into its case, closed the lid with a bang, seized it, and stopped, listening. The strings were quivering from his rude handling. He heard a sigh, faint as the farewell breath from the lips of a loved one dying. The man set his feet hard, took another step, stopped again. Then suddenly he clasped the violin in his arms. "No, no. It may be folly,

it is folly. It is madness. No matter, I will not do it. . . . I'm not hungry now."

Then he opens the case, lifts the violin again and holds it in his arms as if it were a child. "To think that I ever dreamed of selling you, my treasure! But a devil prompted me—the demon of hunger. It is gone now. I am quite content, quite satisfied. Come, sing to me, and I shall be altogether happy."

He raises the violin and draws the bow. "Ah! that E-string! There—so—that is better. Now we are all right and we are happy, are we not? Sing to me of the rose and of her! See, she is in the box yonder, all among her blossoms! She is smiling and throwing us handfuls, red and white. We must do our best, our very best when she listens."

Starvation and rags are far away and forgotten things. He is again the master of music. The foul attic room has widened and brightened into a great, glittering amphitheater, wherein thousands sit, breathless under the spell of the melody. A soul is breathing itself upon the strings; and how they respond! They shiver with sobs; they vibrate with laughter; they shout with exultation. "Hear, my comrade," cries the man, "hear the braves, encores! Ah, we have conquered the world to-night. How the lights glitter. This is ecstasy. This is Heaven."

Wilder and wilder grows the music, faster and faster flies the bow. Snap! A string breaks. Snap! Another. The weird strains sink to a wailing minor key. The arm that holds the bow grows unsteady. The wild eyes cease their feverish shifting and fasten themselves upon one spot at the right. The tense features relax into a smile. The voice is low and very tender. "One more rose, my beauty, my queen of all the world. The lights are growing dim, my sight is failing. I can see only you, only you."

Snap! The last string breaks.

The man lies prone and still upon his face. Under him is a handful of wooden fragments, upon one of which is the inscription, "Cremona, 1731."



A Novel Peace Proposal.

A hundred years ago on the sixteenth of last January was published to the world the most amazing "peace" proposal ever made by a European monarch—a challenge from the Czar of Russia to fight his fellow-monarchs hand to hand, by way of settling the great war which was devastating Europe. The "Hamburgischer Correspondent" was the newspaper through which Czar Paul I. made his entertaining suggestion. This is the paragraph which appeared at the head of the political news on the first page of that sedate organ:

"St. Petersburg, Dec. 30 (from the 'Court Gazette').—We hear that His Majesty the Emperor, seeing that the European Powers cannot agree, and wishing to end a war which has now been raging eleven years, intends to propose a meeting to which all the other monarchs shall be invited, in order that they may fight a duel with him in closed lists."

"For this purpose he desires them to bring with them their most enlightened Ministers and cleverest generals as seconds, umpires, and heralds, and suggests MM. Thugut, Pitt, Bernstorff, etc. It is said that His Imperial Majesty intends to have as his seconds Count von der Pahlen and M. Kutusoff."

"One does not know what credit to attach to this rumor. It seems, however, to have good foundations, and the suggestion bears the stamp of that peculiarity of which the Royal author is usually accused."

The challenge made a first-class sensation. So did the strangulation of the Czar, two months later, by order of Grand Duke Alexander, who succeeded him.

Frederick Villiers—War Correspondent.

A BIG, bull-throated, rough and ready beef-eater of an Englishman is Frederick Villiers, the noted war correspondent and war artist, who lectured the other night at the Massey Music Hall. A sharper contrast than his personality affords to that of Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., the other famous campaigner we heard this winter, could not be imagined. Villiers is very evidently a man of the camp, and not a man of the court. His address is abrupt and business-like. He plunged into his matter without preliminaries, and for an hour and a half he rattled along with scarce a pause or an inflection; the only interruptions being when he declared a seven minutes' intermission about the middle of the lecture, and twice afterwards, when he complacently left the stage without a word of explanation or apology—in the first instance to close a door from which a draft was proceeding, and in the second instance to get his military cloak to protect him from a threatened chill. Yet a chill is not easily associated with a man of Villiers' physique and color. The former is robust to rotundity. The latter inclines to warmth—almost fiery warmth. He looks as though he had always got at least three square meals per diem, and probably he has been accustomed to five. His hair and beard are brown almost to red, and his face is eloquent of roast beef. It is not a sodden face, however. The expression is spirited and keen. It impresses everyone as being that of a manly man.

Villiers' weak points as a lecturer are his too broad English accent, his thick, almost throaty voice, and his rapid, uninflected delivery. It is difficult for those at any distance from the platform to catch more than about half of what he says. The lime-light views, however, were so numerous and so connected that one could pick up an interesting, indeed a thrilling story, from them alone. In part they were the product of the lecturer's camera, and in part the product of his pencil. Undoubtedly they formed the best collection of South African war views so far presented in Toronto.

One of the absurd things in connection with the lecture was the way in which the prominent personages who had been asked to occupy seats on the platform, were marshalled about. Three minutes before the lecture started they walked in from the rear and took chairs on the platform. Having been exhibited to the public gaze for a sufficient length of time, their services were dispensed with, and, like ordinary mortals, they were permitted to descend to the body of the hall in time for the lecture. The proceeding reminded one of the French soldiers who were marched up a hill and then marched down again. The question arises whether the practice of providing platform sponsors for entertainers as well known as Mr. Frederick Villiers is not growing somewhat absurd.

LANCER.

Big Difference.

Tommy—Pop, what are liabilities and assets? Tommy's Pop—Liabilities, my son, are what we owe, and assets are what we keep.—Philadelphia "Record."

A company playing one of Hoyt's farces in Kansas has an advertising hanger which reads: "Everybody goes to A Hole in the Ground." One of these hangers appeared in the window of the most solemn and conventional undertaking shops in Emporia the other day, and gave the town a fit.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The O.S.A. Exhibition—The Water Colors.

WE undertook last week to give a fair criticism on the foremost oil canvases shown at the Ontario Society of Artists' rooms, 165 King street west; we will now make another effort towards expressing a fair and just estimate of the water-color exhibit. Barring a few, the effort shown is not serious enough to be called high art. Painting is not merely making pictures. It should have a higher standard, an ideal on which the artist has concentrated all his powers. In many cases, to the perfect execution of a picture one would prefer a hurried sketch, if it contained a little love of nature, some charm of God's landscape and sunshine. We are saying this to the artists so that they may desire to do greater things, though we recognize their past efforts. We must have greater art if we are to shine with the other artistic nations. Weak words of praise alone will not help the cause.

Is water-color painting an incomplete art? Is it only the means to render pretty things? Or is it worthy of loftier consideration? We believe with the English and Dutch schools of water-colors that it is, and from that standpoint we will criticize for better or for worse.

Mr. Atkinson's "Freshest on the Moor" shows singleness of purpose. The battle of the elements is well rendered; the low rain clouds, driven down the gorge by a high wind, are converted to a blinding grey mist. The middle distance is well drawn, and its charm is enhanced, not obliterated, by the driven mist. The water going over the last fall seen in the foreground is a trifle harsh, perhaps, and has not enough of that gliding motion water has in passing over stones. We feel that Mr. Atkinson has not sent to the exhibition the best work he is able to perform.

Mr. Bridgen, in his "Summer Clouds," has not made enough of his title, the clouds and sky not being as important as the rest of the landscape. The banks of trees on the left are well rendered, the water is limpid, the reflections are good. "Evening on the River," a companion piece, is good in tone. No. 73, "A Hillside," is praiseworthy for its truthful rendering of a hill. "The Brook," No. 75, is probably the most important water-color Mr. Bridgen exhibits, and shows the young artist's ability in drawing foregrounds. He is certainly laying by a vast store of sound out-of-door knowledge, which will soon, we trust, allow him to enter into the ideal with assurance.

Mr. Beatty's "On the Quai Paris" has a nice luminous little sky.

Mr. Chavignaud has sent in this year many good things, and it is not to be wondered at that he received universal praise. "Sunset, Holland," on the north wall, is a work that places him with the best water-color men of the day. To the public, who have come to look for nothing but storms and lowering clouds from the brush of this artist, this will come as an agreeable surprise. If this artist would paint more of our Canadian life and nature, he would still further endear himself to us.

Mr. Gagen gives us some of our mountain scenery. "The Selkirk," No. 90, is a very good contrast to No. 91, the first in low tone, with mountain gloom, the other with the sun converting the distant peaks into rose color and the sky into azure.

Mr. Gordon, of Hamilton, sent in a very good nocturne, "The Foregate, Buckhaven." It has interesting composition and drawing, and the color is quite suited to the night effect, with the light on the right, back of the spectator. The star-lit firmament is very poetic. His other two pictures, Nos. 94 and 95, have too crude a value of blue. We feel that Mr. Gordon could have sent us to advantage a bit of sunlit color or soft harmony in greys, as an agreeable foil to his nocturne.

Mr. Jeffreys' two small pictures, Nos. 98 and 99, are not sufficient from one able to give us work so much better. "Aster and Golden Rods" shows the true love for beauty in nature, and is very refined in color.

Mr. Kelly's "A Nor'-Wester" gives a real outdoor feeling and the whole picture has movement.

Mr. Henry Martin's cathedrals are prominent in the water-color exhibition. This artist has undoubtedly settled in this line through his love for ancient and modern architecture. We trust these monuments, "records for the future ages," are faithful reproductions.

Mr. Hahn's decoration, No. 96, is a fine piece of workmanship, very professional in execution, and worthy of its place on the line.

Mr. Manly's moor pictures are always charming. Unfortunately, there are no prominent water-colors by this able painter this year.

Miss Muntz's "Daily Bread" shows remarkable ease and feeling. To those loving humble life, this picture should prove that quality of heart is to be found there—more so, perhaps, than among gilt and veneer. Apart from this quality and excellent light, this picture is wanting in finish. Miss Muntz must realize that she is at the front among Ontario's artists, and that we expect a picture from her brush as good as it can be made. It is difficult, we know, to subdue the little extra inspiration and fire.

Mrs. Reid has "An Old Orchard" and "Evening"—two lovingly painted pictures, with truthful effects. The colors of the skies are perhaps a little strong.

Mr. Reid's "Twilight Effects" stand alone in the exhibition. They are slightly monochromatic, but it is not guesswork or color darkened by overwork; it is planned to be so, to render the feeling of transparent gloom. The lights are soft, diffused, losing themselves in the approaching night. All five examples are full of poetry.

Mr. Staples shows beautiful refinement of tone. Miss Tully has a well-executed "head," full of charm—a pastel. Mr. Banks began to adorn the rooms last year with his little statuettes. This year he is represented by "Le Matin," a panel, and "Plaisanterie," which is quite an important bust of a boy who, with his gentle smile full of spirit, is evidently "appreciating the point." It would be gratifying to see more of the sculptor fraternity represented and helping the painters to create a greater love for the beautiful.

BRUSH AND KNIFE.

Making Himself Understood.

The average Englishman, when travelling abroad, seems to believe that if he only shouts loud enough the native to whom he is addressing himself is bound to understand him. Not so the Irishman, whose mother-wit usually suggests to him some way out of the difficulty other than that of bawling until he is black in the face. A son of Erin was recently passing through a northern French town celebrated for its old cathedral, and, having an hour or two to spare, decided to leave his portmanteau at the railway station and pay a visit to the edifice in question. But here arose a difficulty, for he was unable to make the station official understand what he wished to do with his bag. At last a happy thought struck him. The porters were French; ergo, they must be Roman Catholics; ergo, again, they must have some slight knowledge of Latin; so, drawing one of them aside, he pointed to his encumbrance. "Requiescat in pace," he said. Then, tapping himself on the breast, he remarked, "Resurgam." "Ah, parfaitement, m'sieu," replied the man, with a broad grin, and led the way to the left luggage office.

The Age of Negations.

A wireless telegram she sent.

The tuneless opera was done;

In her horseless carriage straight she went

To the danceless ball that had just begun;

And her brainless thoughts, as she rolled uptown,

Were busy with naught but her clothesless gown.

—Town Topics.

Spring Fashions For Men.

BY WALTER G. ROBINSON.

ABSOLUTE changes in the fashion of men's attire are so infrequent in these days that a single one would almost cause a revolution in dress. Instead, there is a gentle modification: a gradual tendency from one to the other mode, and so gradual that it is not realized until at last an actual change is effected.

Consequently this spring can hardly be said to have any startling novelties. The world of the tailor and the haberdasher, the glover and the hosier, is regulated by that of London. Last year the South African war plunged many families in mourning in the British metropolis, and dark garments were the rule. The death of the Queen and the universal wearing of mourning until late spring in London will also have its effect here. Black has come to stay for a long while. Even fancy waistcoats have been laid aside, unless they are white or some uncompromising shade of brown. The Tattersall stripes and checks are no more in fashion.

There is an almost universal wearing of black ties, varied, odd to say, by those of a vivid cardinal red. The modish shirt patterns for morning wear are mostly in blacks and whites, the narrow up-and-down black stripe being the most popular.

The young man who is investing in much spring attire will at first consider the question of a frock coat. This is now an almost absolutely necessary article of attire. A man wears it on Sunday at church and at church promenade, while paying afternoon calls, while attending afternoon receptions, at weddings and at all functions in the afternoon of a formal character. There is no change in the material of the frock coat. It is either of rough vicuna, black or even gray Oxfords, or mixtures. The conventional frock coat, however, is black, and while the smoke shades may seem a bit smarter and more British, they are not as useful, and cannot be worn on all formal occasions. All the coats have the lapels faced with silk. They button very high, and are more loose in fit than in previous years. The long-waisted effect, which has been quite in evidence, was the fancy of a moment. It is true the coats have more shape to the body, but the ample skirts give them a dignified appearance. There is an absolute lack of exaggeration, and the eccentricities of a few years ago, when the 1830 mania was at its full, are avoided.

There is quite a difference of opinion as to what should be worn in the way of waistcoats with the frock coat. The double-breasted of the same material or a white duck buttoned rather high or a brown linen. All of these will remain fashionable this spring, and the white will be again very much worn, because it gives a bit of distinct contrast to the sombre attire of the new-century man.

The material for trousers to be worn with frock coats is cashmere or soft woolens. The favorite patterns are still the herring-bone and the almost invisible stripe, and the colors usually dark grays and drabs. The stripes must not be too pronounced, because stripes this year are doomed. Spats and gaiters have come back into fashion. White spats were never very popular, but those of drab or gray or deep tan are quite smart. All walking boots are buttoned, not laced. The toes are well rounded with a firm, thick sole, sometimes extending beyond the shoe. Oxfords or half-quarters are also worn much in the spring, as hosiery is one of the few articles in which much color is allowed.

The top-hat is higher than that of last year, with an almost straight crown. The bell has subsided, and the brim is not as curling or as broad. The correct walking glove for an afternoon suit is the gray suede or undressed kid, which has come back again, although many shades of browns in kid have been worn. The reddish browns are still a little out.

With frock coats white shirts are almost invariably worn, and the collar is standing straight. The tie is the once-over Ascot, now arranged very simply indeed, the pin being placed just a little below the collar. Walking sticks of black wood, very thin and light, with square handles upon which there is a tip of silver, are the mode with afternoon attire; while light whangies, with the very slightest bit of silver, are

very smart indeed for the morning and every day. The materials for the sack or business morning suit are the same—cheviots, homespun and Scotch goods—but the patterns have changed. The stripe has vanished, and even in the fashionable flannels, of which a great variety will be placed upon the market just as soon as the first warm weather sets in, the patterns are all blends, grays being by far the most in vogue. The reason for abandoning the stripe is that cheap imitations were soon brought out, and every little or big bargain shop had striped flannels, particularly the dark blue ground with white stripe and the dark gray with white stripe. In the grays at times there is a suggestion of green, and again there is an accidental weave of red. Brown is very seldom worn, and single-breasted morning suits of soft black goods are to be much in fashion. There is no perceptible difference in cut. The trousers still remain wide, but not baggy, and the peg tops have disappeared.

With morning or sack suits colored shirts will be worn. As already stated, the favorite patterns are stripes up and down; narrow striped effects in black are much in demand. A white shirt with narrow black stripes and no perceptible pattern is very smart. There will be the pinks and blues and lavenders, but the trouble has been, even with the very best of these goods, that owing to some defect in the laundry system of this country they fade, especially the lavenders, and although the great bolts of cloth look most tempting in the shop windows, they are not always a profitable or a comforting investment. The collar is the all-around turn-down with rounded corners.—"Harper's Weekly."

A Father's Story.

He Tells How His Son Regained Health and Strength.

Had His Spine Injured, and For Two Years Was Unable to do Any Work, and For Most of the Time Was Confined to the House.

Mr. M. D'Entremont, a well-known farmer living at West Pubnico, N.S., writes: "I believe it is only right that I should let you know the benefit your medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—have been to my son, Constant, sixteen years of age. For several years he was almost a constant invalid, the result of an injury to his spine while working with his brothers on the farm. He grew weak and listless, had no appetite, and for two years was unable to work, and was for the most of the time confined to the house, and for a part of the time to his bed. He suffered considerably from pains in the back; his legs were weak, and he had frequent headaches. At different times he was attended by two doctors, but got no benefit from the treatment. Then I procured an electric belt for him, but it was simply money wasted, as it did not do him a particle of good. One day while my son was reading a newspaper he came across an article telling of a cure in a somewhat similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he then decided to give them a trial. After the second box was taken there was a marked improvement in his condition. He continued the use of the pills until he had taken eight boxes, and then they have restored him to health. His appetite has returned; the pain has left his back; he has gained flesh; is able to ride a bicycle, enjoys life and is able to do a day's work as well as any one of his age. This letter is given gladly so that others may learn the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and find a cure if ailing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Books and Their Makers.

HALL CAINE writes to "Collier's Weekly" at some length regarding his new novel, *The Eternal City*, the serial publication of which has been commenced. He says that in this, as in other cases, he has derived the substance of his story from biblical sources. The story of *The Eternal City* is, both on its human side and on the side of its intellectual intention, the story of Samson and his lifelong struggle with the lords of the Philistines. And thinking of the latter as the foundation of a modern romance, the imaginative writer sees at once that great and even titanic as it is, it labors under a grievous disadvantage. The character and position of Delilah are entirely outside human sympathies. She is the unmixed trait-

A history in two volumes of the reign of Queen Anne is projected by Martin McCarthy. With his *History of Our Own Times*, this will mean a history from the accession of Queen Anne to the end of the Victorian period.

Clifford Smith of the Montreal "Star," author of a volume of short stories, *A Lover in Homespun*, and of a novel just published by Unwin of London, under the title *A Daughter of Patricians*, has also tried his hand at the drama. Mr. Smith's drama is called *The Rift in the Lute*, and made its first appearance on the boards in Hamilton. It is also to be produced in Toronto and Montreal, and arrangements are being made for the disposal of the American rights to a New York manager. The drama was prepared for the stage by Martin Cleworth of Hamilton.



Kind Lady—Now, if I give you this dime, I hope you will not spend it for strong drink.
Mr. Walker Miles—Guess you don't recognize me, m'am.
Kind Lady—No, I do not. Who are you?
Mr. W. M.—Mrs. Nation's brother.

ress, and there is nothing to redeem or justify her. The masterpieces of imaginative art never present a character like that. There is always the soul of good in things evil, and even Iago has his ground of right. Therefore it will not surprise my readers that in making an attempt, however feeble and inadequate, to deal with the great story of Samson and Delilah in a narrative of modern life, it seemed to me above all things essential that the woman should undergo a complete change, both in character and position, and stand in some proper relation both to the motive of the story and its ultimate denouement.

But I have always desired that in addition to its interest of character and incident a story should have its intellectual message as well. The message, whatever it may be worth, of *The Eternal City*, will sooner or later come under the criticism of the public, and it would not become me to deal with it here in any other way than that of a guide to its intention. Briefly, I should say that the strong man in my story is intended to stand for the great power which during the nineteenth century has, more than any other, asserted its rightful place in the order of the world—I mean the power of the people. . . . As a last word, in order to justify and explain the title of my story, I would say that it seems to me almost certain that in that great future which is to witness the breaking down of so many barriers dividing man from man and man from God, and in the new methods of settling internal and international disputes, which will take the place of the brutal and barbarous conflicts of war, as well as the cruel and fratricidal struggles of trade, the old Mother City of the Pagan and the Christian worlds will have her rightful rank. Her geographical position, her religious and historical interest, her artistic charm, and, above all, the mystery of eternal life which attaches to her, seem to me to point to Rome as the seat of the great court of appeal in the congress of humanity which (as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow) the future will see established.

who will also dramatize *A Daughter of Patricians*.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill (Mrs. Morgan), the young Canadian writer, has an interesting Indian story, *The Heart of a Red Man*, in the current number of the "New England Magazine." Esther Talbot Kingsmill has written a number of powerful stories, one of which, *The Withered Hand*, appeared a few weeks ago in "Saturday Night."

Stranger Than Fiction.

A Remedy Which Has Revolutionized the Treatment of Stomach Troubles.

The remedy is not heralded as a wonderful discovery, nor yet a secret patent medicine; neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles with which nine out of ten suffer.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant-tasting tablets or lozenges, containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (government test), golden seal and diastase. The tablets are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many interesting experiments to test the digestive power of Stuart's Tablets show that one grain of the active principle contained in them is sufficient to thoroughly digest 3,000 grains of raw meat, eggs and other wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after-dinner pills and cheap cathartics, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines without having any effect whatever in digesting food or curing indigestion. If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret, if there is any secret, of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago and now the most widely known of any treatment for stomach weakness. This success has been secured entirely upon its merits as a digestive pure and simple, because there can be no stomach trouble if the food is promptly digested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely on the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve and tissue. They cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power which weak stomachs lack, and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure by the use of "tonics," "pills" and "cathartics" which have absolutely no digestive power.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores, and the regular use of one or two of them after meals will demonstrate their merit better than any other argument.

Life is full of trials—and the lawyers are glad of it.—"The Star of Hope," Sing Sing Prison.

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.



Impromptu Refreshments.

At five o'clock tea, or as an accompaniment to a snug afternoon chat, try a cup of

OXOL

The Oxol Company's FLUID BEEF Preparations.

They are the most reliable and nourishing.

OXOL FLUID BEEF CO., MONTREAL.

Drastic Treatment For Hiccoughs.

Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

A BINGHAMTON man began to hiccough last Saturday. He hiccoughed up all day and all night, and was hard at it Sunday morning. Every remedy that his alarmed friends gave him seemed to accelerate his hics. People sent in from all over town and recommended sure cures. And he steadily grew worse.

Then a wise neighbor had a bright idea. He thought it all out by himself. He went over to the hiccougher's home, and was ushered into the room where the afflicted one was fast hiccoughing his life away.

"Hullo!" said the neighbor, in a light and cheerful tone; "how's the old soak this morning?"

The sufferer rolled his eyes at the neighbor in a pained surprise.

"Don't give me any of your crocodile glances," snorted the friend, "or you'd quit drinking when I told you, you wouldn't be in this shameful condition."

"What-hic-at's th-hic-at?" gasped the sick man.

"Oh, don't come any of your innocent business on me!" cried the neighbor. "I know you, you old sponge!"

The hiccougher's face turned red.

"What-hic-did you-hic-call me?" he stammered.

"Called you a sponge, you lobster!" bellowed the neighbor.

"You're a pretty object lesson for your unfortunate children, ain't you, you gulping old hypocrite?"

"Get out of my-hic-house!" roared the sick man.

"Go to blazes!" yelled the neighbor. "I'm going to stay right here and see the last of you. The people on the street sent me over. 'Wait until the old wolf's gone,' they said, 'and then wave a flag out o' the window.' They're going to have a jollification supper and fireworks to-night—and don't you dare to disappoint 'em!"

This was too much for the hiccougher. He said several very bad words as he made a dash at the neighbor, and they raced around the room a half dozen times, the hiccougher getting madder at every jump, and then the neighbor darted through the door and escaped.

The sick man flung a flower pot at him as he raced down the yard, and then he suddenly realized that his hiccoughs had gone.

For that was a part of the neighbor's theory, you see. He believed that if he could get the dying man real excited and angry the affliction would leave him. And he proved he was right.

A Fish Story.

Hearing a faint rustle in the dark hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out: "Well, Bessie, have you landed him?" There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments. It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man: "She has."

"Sobby Wobby."

Barry Pain began in the January "Black and White" the publication of the "Love-Letters of Another Englishwoman," and those who are familiar with Barry Pain will know what to expect from his pen. Here is a specimen:

"My jujube, my toy lamb, my prize tomato: And so she was a left-all-alone little girl, and she hadn't got no one to play with, and was all sobby wobby."

The real art of advertising consists in telling the Public the truth, then again only to advertise what the public want. As to the first point I let the Public judge for themselves, and as to the second I risk the assertion that the Public do want *Commendator Port*, because if taken after meals in moderate quantities, say a glass or two, it promotes the digestion and prevents dyspepsia and gout.

I am not a Doctor, but the great medical scientists, Dr. Mortimore and Dr. Hood of London renown, say so in their books.

But by Jove, for my own self I say it makes me happy and puts me in good humor with the world, which is some thing.

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Good Clean Fresh Mined Coal Arriving Daily

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Successfully Treating all Diseases Without Drugs.

CALL OR WRITE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo.

May 1 to November 1, 1901.

Those planning a trip to Buffalo and Pan-American Exposition this year should make arrangements to take in one of the popular side trips offered by the Grand Trunk Railway to the most beautiful and healthful summer resorts, situated in the "Highlands of Ontario," located 1,000 feet above sea level, a few hours' run from Buffalo.

Good hotel accommodation, magnificent scenery, perfect immunity from Hay Fever; a place where Health and Pleasure go hand in hand. The Highlands of Ontario include the following well-known and popular districts: "Muskoka Lakes," "Lake of Bays," "Magnetawan River," "30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay," "Kawartha Lakes" and the region around "Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching." Illustrated descriptive publications, maps and all information can be had free by applying to J. W. Ryder, C.P. and T.A., northwest corner King and Yonge streets, M. C. Dickson, district passenger agent, Phones 434 and 8397.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS. Uncle Sam's Cure.

The United States Government owns the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and endorses them for the cure of rheumatism, grippe, neuralgia, catarrh, nervous troubles and many other ills. The winter climate is delightful. Elegant hotels Arlington, Park and Eastman now open, and a hundred others for all conditions. Golf, Write Bureau of Information for beautifully illustrated books telling all about them. 95

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Try the Powdered Wax for Dancing Floors

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Superior designs in LEADED and other styles of GLASS FOR DWELLINGS.

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...PORTRAIT PAINTING

Studio: 34 King Street West



Celery King

a spring medicine for mothers & children.

Everyone enjoys good living during the winter. Sometimes people enjoy it too much and they find when spring approaches that their body is filled with a lot of junk which is going to rot and cause a deal of sickness.

Mothers and children are especially subject to this trouble on account of the delicate nature of their organization. Celery King will clear out all foulness from the body. It will cure constipation and make one regular. Any tendency towards headaches, bad taste in the mouth on arising, coated tongue, sticky lips, will be corrected by a short treatment of Celery King.

See the package. Druggists,

WOODWARD CHEMICAL COMPANY.

TORONTO AND BUFFALO

Music.

THE Bostonians, the famous comic opera company, filled a short engagement at the Grand, of three nights and a matinee, opening on Monday last. The opening performance was devoted to De Koven's Robin Hood, and on Tuesday Herbert and Smith's The Viceroy was given its first presentation here. The production of Robin Hood was not up to the company's old standard of merit. The choral singing was perfunctory, and often slovenly and faulty in intonation, and there was little distinction about the work of several of the principals. Probably the company have got thoroughly wearied of Robin Hood, and are unable to take interest in the music. Certainly they gave a better account of themselves in The Viceroy, although this opera has a dead dull libretto and plot, and its music has not the "ad captandum" character of the De Koven work. In many respects the music of The Viceroy is more refined than that of some of the composer's previous productions. It has less of the "American" flavor in rhythm and accent, and the orchestration has less of that brass band stridency, which was the result no doubt of Mr. Herbert's experience as conductor of a military band. The composer still shows the tendency to drop into banal waltz and march tunes noticeable in his first efforts in opera. The Viceroy contains several pretty and finished sentimental numbers, and two very taking pieces from a popular point of view, one a nautical song in the traditional English style, and the other a quintette, also quite English and Sullivanesque. The leading comic business was supplied by the veteran of the company, Mr. Barnabee, whose quiet and genial low comedy business has made him a favorite with the public. Other old favorites with the company were Mr. W. H. Macdonald, and Mr. Geo. B. Frothingham, who showed no falling off from their usual form. Miss Estella Wentworth, the Maid Marion in Robin Hood, and Thelma in The Viceroy, is a sweet and attractive singer, with a highly-trained flexible voice. She made a very favorable impression, although her voice is scarcely brilliant enough for the part of Maid Marion. Mildred Rogers, a satisfactory mezzo-contralto, also won acceptance as Alan-a-Dale, and her Oh Promise Me was one of the hits of the engagement. John Dunsinuir, the Will Scarlett, attracted notice by his robust resonant voice and honest vocal work. Mr. Frothingham was exceedingly droll in both operas. Mr. Albert Parr, formerly of Toronto, was the leading tenor, sang effectively, and was received very cordially. For Wednesday afternoon, The Serenade, said to be Herbert's best opera, was announced, but the performance was too late in the week for reference in this column. The Grand Opera House was crowded at every performance, and the financial results must have been very satisfactory. The receipts were in fact considerably higher than on the occasion of the previous visit of the company.

The principal attraction at the Scottish concert in the Massey Hall on Thursday last week was Miss Jessie MacLachlan, known as the Scottish prima donna, who more than confirmed the good impression she made on the occasion of the concert of the Caledonian Society. The singer's national sentiment, satisfying voice, and finished and thoroughly musical style were again convincingly in evidence. Her great triumph of the evening was in A Hundred Pipers, with which she for the second time in the city created a furore. Miss MacLachlan's uniform success may be accounted for by the fact that she brings to the interpretation of Scotch songs the resources of the trained artist, and the equipment of a really beautiful voice. The assisting artists were Mr. Harold Jarvis, who was in fine voice, and was most enthusiastically received. Miss Gertrude Gibb, a young violinist of promise; Miss Adelaide McClelland, the popular and talented elocutionist; Miss Mary Waldrum, and Miss Janet Douglas Grant, acceptably representing our local vocal talent; and Mr. Robert Buchanan, pianist, all of whom helped to give variety to the programme, and added materially to the success of the evening. The audience numbered about two thousand people.

A number of the advanced pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt gave an interesting recital of piano music at his residence on Saturday afternoon last. Those who took part were Misses Eugenie Queen Florence Woolverton, Clara Snider, Mary M. Macdonald, Mary Hagarty, and Messrs. Douglas H. Bertram, Leslie J. Hodgson, and James H. Jones. The playing of the various performers was characterized by a well-developed technique, and musically regard for the fine points of interpretation.

The young Toronto actress, Miss Catharine Proctor, during the long engagement of L'Aiglon, studied singing under Mr. George M. Greene. His opinion is that Miss Proctor has a mezzo-contralto voice of beautiful quality, full, sympathetic, and of excellent timbre.

A monument to Liszt is to be erected at Weimar, and the subscriptions are short only of \$3,000 to make up the necessary amount. The New York "Evening Post" says that every lover of Liszt should take this occasion to contribute something towards a monument to the kindest and most generous musician that ever lived. The Beethoven monument in particular ought to come forward, for, as Wagner remarked, Liszt was the first interpreter who understood their idol. It was Liszt, too, who made it possible to build the Beethoven monument at Bonn. Another monument is to be erected at Berlin to Richard Wagner. It will be of marble, and is expected to cost about \$25,000.

The Prussian Minister of Public In-

struction proposes that a sum of 200,000 marks be devoted to the purchase of the famous Artaria collection, which contains among other treasures autographs of Beethoven's Choral Symphony, the Missa Solemnis, the last two sonatas, and 2,000 sheets of music and sketches; also copies of 140 unpublished chamber compositions of Haydn and copies of works by celebrated composers which they themselves revised. The collection belongs to Dr. Erich Prieger of Bonn, who purchased it in order to prevent the treasures being scattered. He offers it to the Prussian Minister for the same sum he gave for it.

On Thursday night a very successful piano recital was given in the Conservatory Music Hall by pupils of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. A choice programme was played with excellent technical skill and careful and musically interpretation. The numbers given included Bach's Italian concerto (first movement), Schutt's Etude Mignonne, Chopin's Preludes, Nos. 6, 1 and 3, Schumann-Paganini's Caprice Celebré in E minor, played by Miss Emma Zoller; Mendelssohn's March Funebre (Lieder Ohne Worte, No. 27), played by Miss Hattie Rowntree; Wagner-Brassini's Magic Fire Scene (Die Walkure), Henselt's "St. Olseu J'etals" and Sinding's March Grotesque, played by Miss Edith Mason; Grieg's Allegro Moderato, Andante Molto and Alla Menuetto from Sonata, op. 7, Paderewski's Nocturne in B flat, Chopin's Prelude, No. 15, Schumann's Nachstück, No. 4, and Rhoda's Hungarian Dance, No. 7, played by Mr. Frank Austen; Schutt's Prelude and Tristesse de Colombine (Carneval Mignonne), and Lladow's Valse Badinage, played by Miss Lillian Eva Payne. Miss Ethel Webster, pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, and Mr. Frank H. Matthews, pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy, were the assisting vocalists, who sang respectively Gounod's More Regal in His Low Estate, from the Queen of Sheba, and Pissuti's Bedouin Love Song.

The Monday Popular Concert of last week presented a programme of much merit, though somewhat lengthy, but there was no lack of interest throughout. Numbers of worth were those given by Miss Margaret Manly, in Zingarella, the Flower Girl, and Rhoda Block as Hagar, whose treatment of this woman of the Orient was unique in its truth as to costume and pose. Mr. Frank Kennedy gave The Dilemma, from Yale Yarns, with great acceptance. In the pantomime and reading of the Romance of the Ganges one realized the daintiness of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's conception in the expression given by the young ladies, and Mrs. Scott-Ruff's tone color and enunciation. Mr. H. N. Shaw's reading of The Bells, assisted by Mrs. Mallon, who as an accompanist is ever sympathetic, was beautiful and rhythmic, while in Tennyson's Thomas a Becket he manifested great force and dramatic instinct. In Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women Miss Tessa O'Neill revealed a voice of unusual range and depth of tone, with good appreciation. Miss May Mahwinney as singer has an attractive personality and a good clear tone, as was evidenced in her Waltz Song by Gounod. The evening concluded with a laughable sketch, The Mouse Trap, given by Mr. Ivan Wright and Miss Pearl O'Neill. It was spontaneous, bright and thoroughly enjoyable.

Last Saturday afternoon at the regular recital, Toronto College of Music, the teachers represented were: Miss Lillian Porter, Miss Hilda Richardson, Messrs. Edward Barton, H. N. Shaw and F. H. Torrington. The pupils who took part were: Edith Tuttle, Lizzie Brebber, Mrs. Cornyn, Edith Locke, Pauline Breckell, Mae Van Wyck, Coral Abbey, Mr. J. J. Kennedy, May Mahwinney, Grace Mitchell, Minnie Duke, M. W. Kennedy, Annie Stone.

The Irish Musical Art Society will give a concert this Saturday evening, March 16, in Massey Hall, under the auspices of the L. C. B. U. Miss Josephine Sullivan, harpist, who comes to Canada for the celebration of Ireland's patron saint, endorsed by leading critics and newspapers of Great Britain and Ireland; Miss Annie Foley, soprano; Miss Ruby Shea, contralto, New York, who has been heard to advantage on the concert stage; Mr. C. Meahan, tenor and Mr. F. Fulton, bass, will assist. The society, under the direction of Miss Elsa MacPherson, has, it is understood, reached a high degree of perfection, and the rendering of the gems of Moore's melodies will be a treat to lovers of Irish music. This is the first occasion on which a chorus has been formed for the interpretation of Irish national music, and the results will be watched with a great deal of interest. Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., the popular Irish-Canadian and poet will deliver a short address on Irish character.

Mr. David Ross, baritone soloist and teacher, having decided to settle in Toronto, has joined the staff of teachers at the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Ross will give a vocal recital on the evening of March 21st, in the College Hall, when the following delightful and widely-varied programme will be rendered: Schumann, Wanderer's Song; Lassen, Bird, Whither Away; Schubert, The Inquirer; Meyer-Helmund, Spring is Awake; Goring Thomas, What Would I Do for My Queen; Wagner, O Du Mein Holder Abenstern; (Tannhauser); Verdi, Eri Tu; Leoncavallo; I Pagliacci; prologue, Liza Lehmann, In Memoriam; Tennyson, Song Cycle. Mr. Ross will have the assistance of Miss Pearl O'Neill, reader, and Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, pianist, will be the accompanist. Mr. Ross is a decided acquisition to musical circles, both as a vocalist and teacher. Mrs. Hamilton, also a new-comer, is a welcome addition as pianist and accompanist.

A piano recital of an interesting character was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening last by pupils of Dr. Edward Fisher, on which occasion was displayed an adequate technique for the intelligent and artistic interpretation accorded all the members on the programme, which were representative of many schools, and embraced the following:—The first

movement of Bach's Italian Concerto was played by Miss Rose Kitchen; first movement of Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, played by Miss Edna Green; Schubert's Impromptu, in F minor, by Miss Maude McLean; Chopin's Nocturne, in C minor, Op. 48, and Valse, in E minor, by Miss Adeline Stern; Liszt's Concert Etude, by Miss Leslie Horner; Grieg's "Break of Day" and "Anitra's Dance," by Miss Queenie Seaton; Mendelssohn's "On Song's Bright Pinions," by Miss Bessie Burgar; and Wieniawski's Valse, in D flat, by Miss Grace Emmett. The programme was interspersed with some interesting vocal numbers by Misses Winona Luke, Jennie E. Williams, Emily Findlay, and Emily Selway, pupils of Mrs. H. W. Parker, and Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn.

The following appeared recently in a New York Journal: "The ideal love for an extraordinary and overdeveloped genius is undoubtedly that which the great Beethoven got when he married his cook." The writer of this invention will have to try a long time before he succeeds in equalling it.

Liszt, it appears, was fond of playing jokes on a confiding public. In a letter to George Sand, he writes: "When they find I often amused myself by wilful schoolboy tricks, and my audience never failed to fall into the snare. For instance, I played the same composition now as a piece of Beethoven, now of Czerny, and then again as my own. The day on which I introduced it as my own I won the most encouraging applause. 'It was not at all bad for my age,' they said. The day on which I played it as Czerny they scarcely failed to me but, 'I played it under Beethoven's authority I was sure of the bravos of the whole assembly.' On another occasion Liszt relates: 'Without announcing it to the public, a trio of Pixis was played instead of one of Beethoven. The bravos were more stormy and numerous than ever, but when Beethoven's trio took the place originally intended for that of Pixis they found it cold, mediocre and wearisome. Yes, there were even people who went away declaring Mr. Pixis's presumption in introducing his work after the chef d'oeuvre they had just heard, as altogether too impertinent.' In these days a pianist could hardly play such a trick undetected even in Toronto, where every school student of music is quite familiar with Beethoven's compositions for piano and strings. In the days to which Liszt refers Beethoven's chamber music was unknown to the great majority of musical people.

Miss Nellie James, the popular singer, and a valued member of St. Michael's choir, has left for New York, where she will continue her studies in music for some time. The loss of her services will be much regretted by the choir.

The London "Daily News," in commenting upon the fact that Mme. Patti has just entered upon her fifty-ninth year, having been born in February, 1843, says: "Long ago, however, the prima donna seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth, and alike in voice and appearance she might certainly be mistaken for twenty years younger. May 14 next, by the way, will be the fortieth anniversary of Mme. Patti's debut at Covent Garden, when in the peasant dress of Amina and entirely unheralded, she amazed her audience by the beauty of her voice, and at once became a star."

The London "Athenaeum" does not take kindly to Mr. Godowsky's amended version of Chopin. Mr. Godowsky, it may be remembered, is the ingenious pianist who combined two studies of Chopin for one pair of hands and called the result "Badinage." The "Athenaeum" says: "These versions of Chopin's studies are certainly remarkable, and show no little skill, but such tampering with the text of a great composer who was well understood writing for the pianoforte suit for the private practice or amusement of pianists of high development, is indefensible." My principal objection to Badinage is that the arrangement or combination of the two studies muddles up both of them. One does not get a clear exposition of either study. As a man coming out of a concert at the Massey Hall once said after hearing a fugue: "Can't his cant's liars play to two different tunes at one time?"

Signor Puccini has agreed to set to music Pinero's play of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. He will commence the score as soon as he has completed Cyrano de Bergerac.

Mme. Albani, who arrived in this country the other day, is to make another tour of the States, and will be in Toronto this month. She is accompanied by Miss Muriel Foster, a talented contralto, and Signor Tivadez Nachez, a solo violinist of European reputation.

Victor Herbert, favorably known to us in this city as the composer of The Fortune Teller and the Singing Girl, will, it is said, go to England this season with the Alice Neve opera company. Victor Herbert who was born in Dublin, ought to take the opportunity of producing one of his operas in his native country.

The College of Music Hall was crowded to the doors on Thursday evening by an audience assembled to hear the recital by the pupils of the School of Expression. The teachers whose artistic work was in evidence by the clever pupils were Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., Miss Mabel Hall, Mrs. Emma Scott-Ruff and Sara Bickell. A high standard in literary taste, technical skill and dramatic insight was realized, and the audience showed its appreciation of the selections by frequent encores. The popularity of the work by the teachers of the School of Expression has steadily increased, and is well deserved. The following was the programme: Dubois, March of the Magi Kings; organ, Charles Eggett; Gullty or Not Gullty, Miss Pearl Reesor; Anon, Explaining Electric Telegraph, Bailey, England, Gordon Raymer; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Antigone, Miss Mary McCollough; Nell Forest, Mice at Play, Miss Jennie Basset; Gounod, More Regal in His Low Estate (Queen of Sheba), vocal, Miss Florence Wal-

ton; Harbour, Papa and Boy, Branch, The Petrified Fern, Miss Daisy Revell; Whittier, Marguerite, Miss Lillian Campbell; Buchan, Fra Giacomina, Miss Teresa O'Neill; Bradley, Duke Leopold's Stone, Miss Muriel Sherwood; Nevill, The Rosary, Hawley, The Rose Fable, vocal, Miss Ethel Carmichael; Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet, act I, scene 4, Juliet, Miss Rhoda Block; Nurse, Miss Maud Pew.

The announcement that Mr. John Bayley, bandmaster of the Queen's Own, is about to leave the city after a service of twenty-one years, will be received with general regret by the musical community. During his residence here Mr. Bayley has won the unqualified respect and esteem of professionals and amateurs, not only by reason of his sterling abilities as an all-round musician, but by his honest and sturdy dislike of all devices of quackery and sham. In a few quarters perhaps he has provoked hostility by his merciless ridicule of musical fakes and humbug. To his own disadvantage perhaps, Mr. Bayley has always shrunk from the modern methods of self-advertising, and in the newspaper offices he has been conspicuous by his absence. In the domain of the orchestra, his services have been of great value as leader. As bandmaster he has always met with the difficulty of retaining the efficient members of his band, who as soon as they became useful players left for the United States to take better paid positions. I am glad to hear that a farewell concert is to be tendered to him by his many friends, who will do their best to make the occasion a success. Orchestral musicians and artists desiring to assist should send in their names to Mr. Robert Gourlay, of Gourlay, Winter and Leaming, as soon as possible, or to Mr. H. F. Strickland, Aberdeen Chambers.

A Delicate Hint.

As the car lurched, and nearly tore the young lady from the strap to which she was clinging, she looked sneeringly around upon the male occupants of the seats, and remarked to a companion: "There is one thing that mystifies me."

"What is that?" queried the other.

"Why, I'm puzzled to know where the Government is going to get another hundred thousand men for its standing army."

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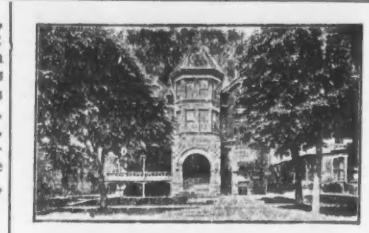
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Social and Personal.

The return of the Strathconas has again roused the enthusiasm of the citizens, individually so to speak, and many homes have been gladdened by the presence of a soldier returned through peril of flood and field to the welcome awaiting him. Much looked for and very warmly greeted was Mr. Guy Kirkpatrick of Clonsilla, third son of the late Lieutenant-Governor, who, I am glad to see, has weathered the campaign in fine style, and is looking very fit, though without any burning desire to return to South Africa. Mr. Fraser Homer Dixon also returned, and is being much of by his people, a very large circle in Toronto society. Mr. Lee had his gala night at the home of his parents in Gloucester street on Monday evening. The two former Strathconas did not reach Toronto until Tuesday morning. Mr. Charles De Lisle is another Strathcona of whom I hear many good things. His friends, young and old, are delighted to see him "looking great," as a boy expressed it. The returning Strathconas met some of the Baden-Powell recruits on their way east, and the pointers presented to these guileless youths made their hair curl. By the way, I heard a neat little remark from a young soldier the other day. Some loquacious growler had been rather boring a young party by his diatribes against the war, the discipline, the system and the Canadian officers. A girl asked a quiet comrade of these things? He said, quietly: "I left it in South Africa." Truth to tell, though the grumblers find it hard to realize, no one cares much about their grievances, and if they are not laughed at openly, they are lucky. The soldier who forgives and forgets his hardships is the man we like best after all.

Miss Orr and Miss Nellie Jackson of Nashville, Tenn., two of the most charming and vivacious of Southern ladies, returned to their distant home last week, after a few weeks spent in Canada. The major part of their visit was spent in Berlin, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Fennell. During their all too short stay in the north they made lots of friends, who took forward with interest to a renewal of such delightful acquaintanceship. They were present for the Orr-Fennell nuptials described in another column.

Wednesday, all in the raging snowstorm, many kind congratulations arrived for Captain Michie, for it was his anniversary, and also found him able to be one of a cosy little circle for the afternoon tea hour. Captain Michie's long illness has laid him away from active life for months, but we hope he will soon be fit for work again. Birthday wishes were very sincere for his complete restoration to health and strength, that wild March day.

The Ladies' Committee of the Home for Incurable Children desire to acknowledge, with hearty thanks, the receipt of \$10 more towards the support of the "Anne Cot," also 25c from "the Mother of a Strong Balmie." The committee would be pleased to receive a donation of a washstand and a bureau; also a couple of chairs.

The President and members of the Canadian Military Institute will hold a smoking concert in honor of those members of the Institute who served in South Africa, in the mess room at the Armouries this Saturday at 8.30 p.m.

Mrs. W. H. Thorne of 66 East Bloor street entertained a few of her young friends on Friday evening, in honor of Mr. Hugh Mann. The Pines, the home of Mrs. Thorne, is an ideal house for a fiction of this kind, and was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, pink carnations, wreaths of smilax, pink-shaded candles in silver candlesticks and pink-shaded lights. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne received at the entrance to the large drawing-room. Mrs. Thorne was handsomely dressed in black silk grenadine over black taffeta silk, with yoke of white lace and bertha of jet, always, as always, a kind and gracious hostess, looking well after the comfort of her guests. The kind host was here, there and everywhere, making people feel at home. The large dining-room and reception hall, with their polished floors, made excellent dancing rooms. During the evening Miss Jardine-Thomson sang two songs in a most artistic manner. Miss Mildred Stewart also sang, her fine contralto voice being much admired. Dainty refreshments were served at 12 p.m., after which dancing was resumed. Some of those present were Mr. Hugh Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Christie, Mr. D. B. Dick, Mrs. and Miss Jardine-Thomson, Mrs. and Miss Coady, Miss Florrie Paterson, Miss Cherif Sheldrack of Rat Portage, Miss Archer, Miss Graham Stewart, Miss Mildred Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Miss Bethune, Miss Fuller, Miss Carrie Fuller, Miss Hills, Miss Muriel Hills, Miss Gertrude Johnston, Miss Marr, Messrs. Biggs, Norman Paterson, Deacon Carmichael, Rothwell, Despard, Dodd, Dr. Dillabough, Messrs. Lane and Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert M. Simpson of Wellesley place leave this week for the South, and will return in May via Charleston, S.C., Old Point Comfort and Washington.

Miss Grace Watkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Watkins of Spencer avenue, Parkdale, gave a delightful children's party to about 40 of her little friends on Friday evening. Last amongst those present were Misses Evelyn Cole, Leah McKibbin, Hilda Rutherford, Dorothy Boyd, Sadie and Grace Gooderham, Marion and Erva Castle, Grace Fairfield, Mildred Verrell, Daisy Deeks, Ruth McKibbin, May McKibbin, Messrs. Warren Doane, Beverly Brown, Johnnie Taylor, Frank Hassard, Fred Owen, George Fairfield, Norman Boyd, Fred Grover, Wilfred Ecclestone, Douglas Drysdale, Harry Nicholson, Harry Thoms, Victor Vander Linde. Supper was served in a tea-room decorated in red, white and blue, after which games and dancing were indulged in, bringing a very jolly evening to a close.

Schoolmistress (just beginning a lesson upon minerals)—Now, what are the principal things we get out of the earth? Children (in chorus)—Worms!

City Dairy Milk.

All Are Invited to Visit the Company's Premises.

The announcement made with reference to the City Dairy Company's products, indicating, amongst other things, the decision of the company to sell clarified milk at the rate of 39 quart tickets for one dollar, will be found of interest to the people of this city. This company was formed for the purpose of supplying good, clean milk and cream to the citizens of Toronto at popular prices. All the modern appliances for doing the work scientifically and expeditiously are now in successful operation at the company's splendid plant in Spadina crescent, which is admitted by the best milk experts in America to be the most perfectly equipped plant of its kind in the world. The building is open to the public during business hours every day, and the whole operation of clarifying, cooling, and bottling may be seen through a glass partition surrounding the antiseptic milk room. One feature of the company's plan of operation which will be much appreciated by the citizens relates to the inspection of farms. Dr. William Mole and Dr. F. J. Gallanough, two eminently qualified veterinary surgeons, have been employed by the company, and their whole time will be devoted to wards inspecting the farms and the cattle where the milk is produced, thus ensuring a gradual improvement in the quality of milk as it is supplied from the country. The retail department at the dairy building is now open, and all the company's products may be purchased over the counter at the regular prices.

The company have adopted the plan of selling cream, based on definite percentage, and this only needs to be understood to be thoroughly appreciated. Three grades of cream are sold, guaranteed to contain not less than 15 per cent., 24 per cent., and 32 per cent. of butter fat respectively.

The order department is well equipped, and a large staff of young ladies is engaged all day receiving the orders as they come in over the telephone or otherwise, and distributing them amongst the different routes.

A Sound Canadian Company.

The annual report of the Federal Life Assurance Company is published on page 5 of this paper. It is an eminently satisfactory one to both shareholders and policy-holders. The new insurance written was within a few thousands of two million dollars. Yet the proportion of applications rejected shows that the company is accepting only good risks. The total security for policy-holders amounts to \$2,149,055.92, and the liabilities for reserves and outstanding claims \$1,123,738.07, showing a surplus in round figures of \$1,025,000. The total amount paid to policy-holders during the year reached over \$170,000. The retiring directors and officers, who possess the full confidence of the company, were all re-elected.

R. B. Henderson, D.O., of the firm of Dillabough & Henderson, osteopathic physicians, has been offered the chair of manual therapeutics in the Medical College of San Francisco, California. This is complimentary both to Dr. Henderson and to osteopathy, the chair being the first of the kind established in a reputable medical college, and Dr. Henderson the first osteopath to be offered such an appointment.



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... NOTICE ...

A General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, March 27 next, at the offices of the Company, SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, for the purpose of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Company, electing officers for the ensuing year, and such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By order, R. BUTCHART, Secy.-Treas.

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At Popular Prices

Deliveries of City Dairy Company's products are rapidly increasing, and any day between ten and one o'clock you may see thousands of bottles being filled in a large antiseptic milk room at the Dairy Company's splendid plant on Spadina Crescent. Call in when passing.

Arrangements are now complete for handling milk and cream in a larger and better way than ever previously attempted in Canada, the capacity being over 30,000 quarts of bottled milk per day.

All the modern devices for doing the work scientifically and expeditiously have been installed, and are now in successful operation.

This enables the Company to give the citizens of Toronto good, clean, sweet and unadulterated milk delivered to any part of the city at prices as follows:

Clarified Milk—

20 Quart Tickets **\$1.00**

32 Pint Tickets **\$1.00**

Skim Milk and Buttermilk—

32 Quart Tickets **\$1.00**

Cream—

Definite percentages guaranteed not less than:

16 per cent. 1/2 Pint.. 6 1/2 cts.

1 Pint.. 12 1/2 cts.

24 per cent. 1/2 Pint.. 10 cts.

1 Pint.. 20 cts.

32 per cent. 1/2 Pint.. 15 cts.

1 Pint.. 30 cts.

Creamery Butter—

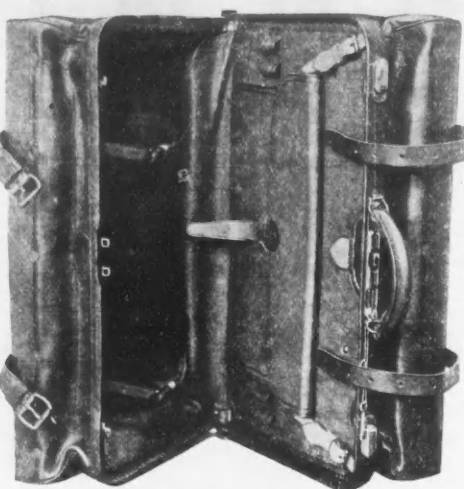
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Clarified Milk is delivered just as received from the regularly inspected and carefully selected farms supplying us, except that all sediment or dirt incident to producing will have been removed by the simple clarifying machines. Clarified milk contains, too, a considerably larger and denser quantity of cream than has hitherto been the average in Toronto.

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Western Assurance Company.

Annual Meeting

The Fire Insurance Situation

AND

St. Lawrence Marine Risks Discussed.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders was held at the Company's offices in this city on Thursday, 7th March, 1901. The President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox, occupied the chair.

The following Annual Report of the Directors, with accompanying Financial Statement, was then read by the Secretary:

Fiftieth Annual Report.

The Directors beg to submit their Annual Report, showing the result of the Company's transactions for the past year, together with a statement of assets and liabilities at 31st December last.

The premium income, after deducting the amount paid for reinsurance, was \$2,918,786, and the earnings from interest were \$75,849. The total losses incurred during the year amounted to \$2,068,096. These bear a ratio to the premiums received considerably higher than that shown in the general experience of the Company, though there have been exceptional years in the past when a much larger percentage of losses to income has been sustained. After providing for losses and for current expenses, the revenue account shows a profit balance of \$12,824. This is probably as favorable an outcome as shareholders will have anticipated as bearing in mind the disastrous fires which have occurred during the year. The total amount paid, it may be stated, by this Company for losses in the Ottawa and Hull conflagration in April last was \$182,608. Of this amount, however, \$58,000 was recovered on account of reinsurance. The generally unfavorable experience of fire insurance companies, both in Canada and the United States, during the past two years has led to advances in rates, which, it is believed, will place the business on a more satisfactory footing.

In the last Annual Report the establishment of a branch office in London, England, was referred to, and it affords your Directors much pleasure to be able to say that the progress made by this branch and the agencies connected with it has fully met their anticipations.

Two half-yearly dividends, at the rate of 10 and 8 per cent. per annum respectively, have been declared.

As announced by circular to shareholders in July last, it was decided to increase the cash capital of the Company to \$2,000,000 by calling up the \$1,000,000 subscribed and unpaid capital in instalments of 10 per cent. each at intervals of two months. Two instalments fell due before the close of the year, but the majority of shareholders exercised the option which was given of anticipating the calls, and nearly two-thirds of the entire amount was paid in by 31st December.

The Directors have pleasure in calling attention to the financial position which the Company occupies at the beginning of the second half century of its corporate existence—offering, as it does, the following security to its policyholders:

Capital paid up to 31st Dec. \$1,648,518.00
Calls in course of payment. 351,482.00

Total capital \$2,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 1,002,794.00

Total funds \$3,002,794.00
Toronto, 1st March, 1901.

Geo. A. COX, President.

J. J. KENNY, Managing Director.

Summary of Financial Statement.

The accounts for the year showed the following business transacted:

Fire and marine premiums \$2,918,786.55

Interest 75,849.00

\$2,994,635.55

Fire and marine losses \$2,068,096.37

General expenses 912,514.15

\$2,980,610.52

Balance 12,824.03

Dividends to shareholders 110,411.35

The President's Address.

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

The magnitude of the losses by fire on the American continent during the year 1900 is a matter of such public notoriety that I feel in moving the adoption of the Report just read that nothing in the way of an apology is called for on account of our balance sheet showing results much less favorable than those of average years. It may be of interest, however, to those who have not access to statistics bearing on the subject to know that the total value of property destroyed by fire in Canada and the United States during the past year has been computed at \$163,000,000—being \$27,000,000 greater than that of the preceding year, and largely in excess of that of any year

of which records are obtainable, excepting 1871, when the destruction of the city of Chicago was alone responsible for a loss aggregating some \$150,000,000. The most serious fire in which we were concerned last year, I need scarcely say, was that which in April last practically wiped out of existence the city of Hull and destroyed a large section of the adjacent city of Ottawa. The loss of property in that conflagration is estimated at upwards of \$10,000,000, and of this amount the insurance companies doing business in this country were called upon to contribute nearly \$4,000,000—close upon one-half the total premiums received during the year for fire insurance in Canada. That this Company should be largely involved in a disaster of such magnitude, occurring in its home field, might naturally be expected, but we may at least claim that, taking into account our large Canadian business—representing, as it does, a premium income equal to nearly twenty per cent. of the total premiums received by all companies making returns to the Dominion Government—the amount of the net loss sustained through this conflagration cannot be deemed excessive. In fact, I think we may rather point to it as an evidence of judicious distribution of our risks on the part of those engaged in the management of the company's business. It may be hoped that such disasters as this— which, unfortunately, have been too frequently chronicled in the history of this country, involving, as they often do, loss of life, as well as destruction of property, and disturbance in trade—will lead to closer attention than has been shown heretofore on the part of our municipal authorities to the important matter of fire protection, and to the adoption and enforcement of more stringent building regulations in our cities and towns. The tax, in the form of fire insurance, which the business community of this continent annually pays in excess of such charges in most European countries as a result of our national carelessness in these matters, represents an amount which would in a comparatively short term of years, pay off our national debts; and the fact should not be lost sight of that fire insurance companies in Great Britain and many Continental countries realize more uniform and adequate profits upon risks insured there, at rates averaging from 50 to 75 per cent. lower than those charged on this side of the Atlantic. While on the subject of the cost of insurance to the public, it may not be out of place to refer to the increasing burden which the companies are being called upon to bear in the form of municipal, provincial, and State taxes, which seem to be imposed by legislators oblivious to the fact that such expenses must be added by the companies to the premiums charged their policyholders, with further additions for agents' commissions and other costs of collection. The price of protection from loss by fire is thus unduly increased, and I may remark here that the lowest rate to be found in countries where fire insurance is least subject to impositions in the form of official fees and taxes, and where the companies are most free from legislative restrictions, I cannot but feel, therefore, that the nearer we on this side of the Atlantic can approach to conditions prevailing in Great Britain in these matters the better it will be for the insuring public, as well as for the companies that provide that indemnity without which the business interests of this or any other country would soon be paralyzed.

But while we may advocate such reforms as we believe to be in the interests alike of insurers and insured, we must recognize as the first consideration to fire underwriters—who, whether acting in the capacity of directors or managers of Canadian companies, or as representatives of British or other foreign companies, are trustees of the many millions of insurance capital which is held, not simply to provide for ordinary losses such as are of daily occurrence, but for the rebuilding of cities when visited by sweeping conflagrations—we must recognize, I say, that our first duty as managers of the vast funds invested in the business of fire insurance is to deal with conditions as we find them, and to make rates that, taking past experience as our guide, will afford a reasonable prospect of a fair margin of profit to shareholders after losses and the expenses of conducting the business have been provided for. I speak not merely of our own experience, but of the experience of the companies as a whole, on this continent, and I say that, on official statements—which give full publicity to the operations of fire insurance companies—show clearly that advances in rates such as are now being generally made are absolutely necessary to afford a return that will warrant the capital of the companies being permanently retained in the business. We are fortunately at a period in our history when trade conditions on this continent are exceptionally prosperous, and I feel it is not unreasonable for us to expect the business community to concur in such an advance in the rates of premium as will afford the "handmaid of commerce"—as fire insurance has been not inappropriately termed—a fitting maintenance. The conviction that such a change for the better in the business might be looked for in the near future—that out of the adverse conditions to which I have referred would come a period of "better times" such as we have in the past seen evolved from periods of adversity in the history of our own country, as well as in most enterprises in which we have been individually engaged—largely

Points of Advantage

THE pedal motion of the Harmonist is the bicycle motion, not that tiring motion as that of an organ, where with long playing the ankles become intensely weary. The most delicate can operate the Harmonist without fatigue—less physical effort with the Harmonist than with any other "Piano-Player" made.

It has an automatic expression stop which easily enables the operator to give the proper shading and expression to any composition, however little he or she may know about music. This is a feature exclusive to the Harmonist not known in other "Piano-Players."

HEINTZMAN & CO.
TORONTO

influenced your Directors in deciding upon the increase in the paid-up capital referred to in the Report. The action while strengthening the Company financially, removes what is regarded by many investors in this country as an objectionable feature—the unpaid liability upon shares—and the company in which this call has been responded to has confirmed the opinion we entertained as to the wisdom of this step.

The transactions in the Marine Branch during the past year call for something more than passing comment. There has been a very considerable increase in the volume of premiums, and the losses, I am pleased to say, have been moderate; so that there has been a fair profit in this department—which, as you may remember, showed for some years prior to 1899 unsatisfactory results. The growth in premiums came largely from the increased amount of inland business transacted. The losses on the great lakes were considerably below the average of several preceding years, and companies engaged in the branch of underwriting are able to show a good margin of profit on the season's transactions.

Here I may remark upon a distinguishing feature of marine business, especially such as ours—namely, the large proportion of the liability which, owing to the close of lake navigation, runs off, and the premiums on which are completely earned, before the December of each year. It is incumbent upon every soundly-managed company to reserve an amount to provide for running off—or reinsuring—the liabilities under its current policies. General experience has proved that in fire insurance business one-third of the annual premium income is an ample provision for this purpose. It will therefore be a satisfaction to you to learn that after deducting that portion of our marine business upon which no liability remains at the end of the year—which I may say represents more than one-fifth of our total income—the amount of our reserve to provide for this contingent liability upon risks outstanding on the 31st December is considerably in excess of the standard I have named.

In relation to our ocean business—or, more particularly, to that portion of it pertaining to risks via the River St. Lawrence—I may perhaps be permitted to say a few words which may not be considered as coming within the usual scope of a President's remarks on a motion for the adoption of an Annual Report. But as you have doubtless, through the columns of the press, and through other channels, heard a good deal that has been said upon one side of the question, and as nothing, so far as I am aware, has been publicly said upon the other side, I feel justified in making a departure from what has been the custom at our shareholders' meetings, and dealing briefly with the matter which, while it does not directly bear upon the business of the company, is nevertheless, so closely identified with questions with which we are called upon to deal that it may not be deemed "out of order" on an occasion of this kind. In connection with our somewhat limited transactions in ocean risks via the St. Lawrence route, we have had to bear our share of the rather harsh criticism that during the past year have fallen to the lot of the few companies which—having continued through a series of unprofitable years to transact this business—at length determined, at the opening of navigation in 1899, to secure such rates as the exceptional perils of this route—proved by its unfortunate record of losses—seemed to demand, or else to follow the example of the numerous companies that have withdrawn altogether from that field of marine underwriting. We have been charged with discriminating against a Canadian route, and with doing an injustice to the port of Montreal. The Board of Trade of that city has asked the Government to appoint a commission to enquire into the matter. The Montreal Marine Underwriters' Association, on the other hand, feeling that any unjust discrimination from which the trade of that port might be suffering would be found to exist in other quarters than in the Marine Insurance office, have asked that the enquiry be made to include railroad charges, steamship freights, and other matters pertaining to the cost of transportation. I am sure that I express the feelings of the Marine Underwriters when I say that they would welcome an investigation conducted on these broad lines, and that they are prepared to submit evidence from the records

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THE HARMONIST

The Only Perfect
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In Existence

In other "Piano-Players" a knowledge of music is a necessity in order to get at the proper shading and expression when playing.

The first principle of a "Piano-Player" is that anyone, without a knowledge of music, can play on it.

Other "Piano-Players" fail at this point.

The Harmonist is the one exception—it can be operated by a child, it is so simple, whilst it has greater power, greater variation of tempo, greater range between pianissimo and fortissimo than any "Player" in existence.

—We invite everyone to visit our handsome
—Piano Salon and see for themselves the
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Points of Advantage

WITH other "Piano-Players" the operator must have a sufficient knowledge of music to mark his own time. The Harmonist is possessed of a simple contrivance, adjustable by anyone, that can be set to any time to suit the player's wish.

THERE is danger of the paper music of the "Piano-Player" sometimes getting damp and swelling, and then it will not adjust itself to the track on the bridge. But the Harmonist has an adjustable bridge in case the music does not track right and the defect is promptly overcome.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. William J. Motz of the "Journal," Berlin, is spending a few days in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliott are leaving for an extended tour of the art centers of Germany, France and Italy.

On the invitation of their genial conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, the members of the Mendelssohn Choir assembled in the Temple Building last Tuesday night for an informal reunion. Reports were received from the president, secretary and other officers of the society, and several very happy speeches resulted. Mr. Vogt was in good form, and after commenting on the past season's work, outlined the probable programme for next year, when it is hoped that still further advance will be made towards the ideal that is aimed at by conductor and chorus. An interesting feature was a clever topical song, excellently sung by Mr. A. L. E. Davies, the words of which were written by one of the chorus members, Mr. Morton Jones. Light refreshments were served, and at about half-past eleven the very pleasant gathering broke up.

One of the most important positions of organist and choirmaster in this city has just been filled by the appointment of Mr. T. Alexander Davies to St. James' Square Presbyterian Church. Mr. Davies, who has proved such a great success at Western Congregational Church, assumes his new charge on April 1.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.
Livingstone—March 7th, Mrs. L. B. C. Livingstone, Tilsonburg, a daughter, Ryckman—March 7th, Mrs. E. B. Ryckman, Toronto, a son.

Ryrie—March 10th, Mrs. Harry Ryrie, Toronto, a son.
Lyon—March 7th, Mrs. George S. Lyon, Toronto, a daughter.
Andrews—March 9th, Mrs. R. G. Andrews, Toronto, a daughter.
Little—March 13th, Mrs. James Little, Dalbratie, Scotland, a son.

Marriages.

Pearce—Astley—At Owen Sound, March 7th, Charles Taylor Pearce, of Toronto, to Emily May Astley, of Los Angeles, Cal.
Orre—Fennell—At St. John's Church, Berlin, by Rev. Carl S. Smith, M.A., assisted by Rev. John Fennell, uncle of the bride, William Frederick Orr, of Nashville, Tenn., to Evelyn Charlotte Fennell, youngest daughter of Mr. John Fennell, of Berlin.
Mackintosh—Taylor—March 12th, at Toronto, Charles Mackintosh to Barbara Taylor.

Deaths.

Graveley—March 12th, at Toronto, Margaret Christiana Graveley, in her 83rd year.
Stewart—March 11th, James Stewart, in his 21st year.
Chinn—March 11th, at Toronto, William Campbell Chinn.
Nelles—March 8th, at Grimsby, Samuel A. Nelles, in his 70th year.
Macdonald—March 11th, at Hamilton, John Duff Macdonald, M.D., in his 81st year.
McCamus—March 11th, at Toronto, Addie McCamus, in her 25th year.
Rorke—March 9th, at Oakville, Annie Griffith Rorke.
Martin—March 11th, at Seattle, Wash., C. E. Martin, M.D., in his 60th year.
Tough—March 12th, at Toronto, John Tough, of Montreal.
Brent—March 2nd, at Denver, Col., Frances Brent, of Newcastle, Ont.
Bullock—March 8th, at Rochester, N.Y., Robert Leslie Hewitt Bullock, aged 23 years.
Ansley—March 13th, at Simcoe, John Henry Ansley, in his 75th year.
Charlton—March 12th, at Hamilton, Benjamin E. Charlton, in his 61th year.

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